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CONRAD WALLENROD

AN

HISTORICAL POEM

FOUNDED ON EVENTS IN THE ANNALS OF LITHUANIA AND PRUSSIA

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH

ADAM MICKIEWICZ

BY

LEON JABŁOŃSKI

FRASER & CRAWFORD, EDINBURGH
BOSBY WASHBOURNE, LONDON; AND
W. HOBBY, DIN & CO. DUBLIN.

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FROM

Mrs. J. R. Coolidge,
Boston.

19 Nov. 1900.

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CONRAD WALLENROD,

AN

HISTORICAL POEM,

FOUNDED ON EVENTS IN THE ANNALS OF LITHUANIA AND PRUSSIA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH OF

ADAM MICKIEWICZ,

BY

LEON JABLONSKI,

CAPTAIN IN THE LATE POLISH ARMY.

FRASER & CRAWFORD, EDINBURGH.
HENRY WASHBOURNE, LONDON; AND
W. CURRY, JUN., & CO., DUBLIN.

M.DCCC.XLI.

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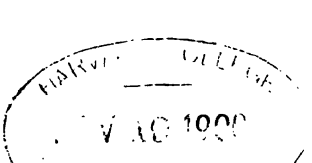

Mrs J. R. Coolidge
Boston.

EDINBURGH : PRINTED BY THOMAS CONSTABLE,
PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

PETER WYSOCKI,

COLONEL IN THE LATE POLISH ARMY,

A VIRTUOUS, DEVOTED, AND MOST DISINTERESTED

PATRIOT,

WHO UNFURLED THE NATIONAL STANDARD OF LIBERTY

AND INDEPENDENCE,

AND GAVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE POLISH REVOLUTION

OF

29TH NOVEMBER 1830;

WHO

LIVED, FOUGHT, SUFFERED, AND DIED

FOR HIS COUNTRY;

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS COMPANION IN THE MILITARY SCHOOL OF WARSAW,

FELLOW-SOLDIER, AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

LEON JABLONSKI.

EDINBURGH, 29TH NOVEMBER 1840,

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE

POLISH REVOLUTION.

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In the Polish orthography *w* sounds always like *v;* in many instances, however, the Translator, to facilitate to the English reader the pronunciation of proper names, has substituted the latter for the former consonant.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Polish literature, although rich in talented productions, is very little known in the western part of Europe, and especially in Great Britain. The circumstance of the Polish language not being far spread beyond the limits of its native soil, forms the chief obstacle to our literature being known in foreign countries. To obviate this difficulty, many of the most distinguished Polish authors in past centuries preferred writing in the Latin language. Among those may be named the celebrated Copernicus; Sarbiewski, called the Horace of Poland; Hossius, President of the Council of Trent;

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Tomicki; Kromer; Orzechowski; Starowolski; whose works are found in all large libraries. The last mentioned author composed not fewer than thirty works in the Latin language, the subjects being the geography of Poland, biography, statistics, and general literature. But these writers are read and appreciated only in the learned world, and cannot be popular, even in their own country. An author, and especially a poet, in order to gain popularity, must speak to the feelings of the people in their mother tongue; consequently all modern Polish authors, (with the exception of a few who used the German and French,) have written in the Polish language. They have enriched their literature in all its branches, and brought the national language to the highest degree of perfection and purity.

Among the modern poets whose superior talents have established their fame

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in the literary world, Adam Mickiewicz stands in the first rank. The productions of his genius abound in passionate and patriotic sentiments, and are felt and admired, not only by his countrymen, who read them in their native tongue, but by all to whom they have been made known by translations. Several of his works have been rendered into the languages of Germany and France, and have fully established the celebrity of the author in these countries. None of his poems have been as yet translated into English, although some literary periodicals, as, for example, the "Foreign Quarterly Review," "Athenæum," "Polyglot Magazine," and others, have severally given extracts of his writings, and done homage to his genius.

Mickiewicz, we may say, is the founder of a new school in the national literature. In Poland, as well as in other countries, men of letters used to imitate the ancients;

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the more they approached the old models, the greater was their success; but Mickiewicz, like Schiller, broke the barrier of imitation, and went on a vast and unexplored field, following but the inspiration of his genius. He revived the ancient reminiscences, the primitive legends, and the popular traditions of Poland, and formed a new poetry, with all the boldness and success of a master. He admired Goethe and Byron, but he knew that, in order to be admired in his turn, he should imitate none. To attain this end he had but one maxim:—

"Miej serce i patrzaj w serce."

"Have a heart and look into it."

Early in life did he begin to feel the extent of his country's misfortunes, and to acknowledge the duties which its situation imposed on every true Pole; but he soon also felt the weight of the

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cruel persecution with which the Russian government visited all those who manifested patriotic sentiments.

Born in Lithuania, at the beginning of this century, Mickiewicz completed his studies in the University of Wilno. At the age of nineteen he had already made himself known as a poet, by publishing his ballads. A short time afterwards, his poems, "Dziady," or the feast of the dead; and "Grazyna," an affecting episode of Lithuanian history in the fourteenth century; rendered his name celebrated. There existed then among the students of Wilno an association, called "The Society of the Philaretes," the object of which was to excite emulation in study, to encourage science and letters, and to cherish the love of liberty and of fatherland. This society was therefore considered by the Russian government as a focus of *rebellion*, and punished as such. In 1824, many of the students

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were imprisoned, exiled, or condemned to labour in mines. Mickiewicz was sent off to the Crimea. There he composed his admirable and inimitable "Sonnets on the Crimea." Some time afterwards he was sent to Moscow, where he wrote the historical poem of "Conrad Wallenrod." In 1829, he left Russia for Italy, and, since 1831, has shared the fate of the Polish emigration. During his stay in Paris, he added the third part to his "Dziady," and wrote "The Book of the Polish Pilgrims;" "Sir Thaddeus," a national poem, &c. France has lately acknowledged the merit of Mickiewicz in the most flattering manner. The Chamber of Deputies, in the last session, on the motion of the minister of Public Instruction, instituted, at the "Collége de France," a chair for the Polish language and Slavonic literature, the professorship of which was offered to this celebrated poet of Poland.

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The poem of Conrad Wallenrod is founded on the ancient struggles of Lithuania with the Teutonic Order, but is fraught from one end to the other with the spirit of the present times,—a circumstance which could not escape the patriotic penetration of his countrymen, though it did that of the Moscovite government. This poem is one in which his mastery over the passions, and the warmth of his patriotism, are displayed with admirable force and brilliancy. The appearance of several translations in French and German, in verse and prose, and the favour with which they had been received, formed an inducement to the presentation of it in an English dress to the public of this country. The translator was aware of the difficulties attending the version of a poem into another language. To render faithfully all the characteristics of the original, and to preserve the elegance of the language into which it is translated,

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is almost impossible; consequently, the translator endeavoured in "Conrad Wallenrod" to follow closely the language of the poet, even at the risk of sacrificing the niceties of the English idiom. The translator is also aware how imperfectly we can judge of the merit of a poet, when we see his poem only as a skeleton in prose, stripped of the charming harmony of verse; the blame, therefore, should not fall upon the author, if the reader finds not in this little volume the same force and beauty that are admired in the original.

In conclusion, the translator has pleasure in acknowledging, that the rhymes of the hymn, two songs, and the ballad, are due to the kindness of a lady of this city, whose other poetical productions have been highly admired. For this favour she has the most sincere thanks of the translator.

L. J.

EDINBURGH,
29*th November* 1840.

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PREFACE OF THE POÉT.

THE Lithuanian nation, composed of several tribes of Lithuanians, Prussians, and Lettes, not numerous, occupying a barren and not very extensive country, and being for a long time unknown to the rest of Europe, was, about the 13th century, by the inroads of neighbours, provoked to assume a more prominent and energetic attitude. When the Prussians had yielded to the arms of the Teutonic Knights, the Lithuanians came out from their forests and marshes, and, destroying the neighbouring countries with fire and sword, soon became formidable in the north. The chronicles have not sufficiently explained how the Lithuanians, being a weak and, for a long time, a tributary nation, could not only

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resist, but even overawe all their enemies; and how, when continually waging a bloody war with the Teutonic Order on the one side, they could, on the other, ravage Poland, ransom the Grand Duchy of Novogrod, and even make incursions as far as the river Volga and the Crimea. The most brilliant epoch in the history of Lithuania is the reign of Olgerd and Witold, whose power extended from the Baltic Sea to the Euxine. But this state, growing too rapidly, was not able to produce in its bosom the power necessary to unite and animate its heterogeneous parts. The Lithuanian nationality, spread over too extensive a tract of land, lost its natural hue. The Lithuanians had subdued many Russian tribes, and entered into political relations with Poland. The Slavonians, being already Christians, enjoyed a much higher degree of civilisation; and, whether conquered or threatened by the Lithuanians, gradually obtained a moral preponderance over their powerful but barbarous rulers, and absorbed them, as China absorbed her Tartar invaders. The Iagellons and their principal vassals became Poles; many Lithuanian Princes having settled in Russia, adopted the religion, language,

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and nationality of the Russians. Thus the Grand Duchy of Lithuania ceased to be Lithuanian, and the real Lithuanian nation returned to its former limits. Its language ceased to be that of the court and the grandees, and remained only among the lower classes of the people. Lithuania offers the curious spectacle of a nation which, in the height of its conquests, has disappeared like a stream, that, after a sudden overflowing, falls, and returns to its former bed.

Some centuries have passed since the events which we are going to relate took place; Lithuania, and her dreadful enemy the Teutonic Order, have disappeared from the scene of their political existence; the relations of the neighbouring nations have been completely changed; the interest and passions which then kindled war have been extinguished, and even the memory of them has not remained in popular songs. Lithuania is now entirely in the past; and thus her history opens for poetry a vast and auspicious career. The poet, relating the events of those times, is only obliged to follow his historical subjects, study the facts and illustrate them with art, without

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appealing either to the interest, passions, or caprices, of the readers. Such are the subjects which Schiller recommends to poets :—

"Was unsterblich im Gesang soll leben,
Muss im Leben untergehen."

"What shall deathless live in song,
Must disappear from life."

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CONRAD WALLENROD.

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INTRODUCTION.

A HUNDRED years had gone by since the knights of the Cross waded in the gore of the Northern Pagans. The Prussian had already bent his neck to their iron yoke; or, abandoning his home, was trying to escape with his life, whilst the German was pursuing the fugitive, with fire and sword, to the borders of Lithuania.

The Niemen separated the Lithuanian from his foes. On one side glittered the pinnacles of temples, and the winds roared through the forests—the dwellings of the gods; on the opposite bank peered on a hill a cross, the sign of the Germans, which, with its head touching the clouds, stretched its arms towards Lithuania, as if to embrace all Palemon's inheritance.

On the one side, crowds of Lithuanian youths, clothed with the skins of bears and lynxes, the bow in one hand, and a ready arrow in the other, appeared from time to time watching the move-

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ments of the Teutons. On the other side, stood a statue-like German on horseback, in armour and helmet; fixing his eyes on the group of his foes, he charged his gun and counted his rosary.

Both alike were guarding the passage. Thus the once hospitable river that watered the fields of two brotherly nations, was now for them the threshold to eternity; and none could, without loss of life or liberty, cross the forbidden waters. A branch of Lithuanian hop, allured by the charms of a Prussian poplar, creeping on willows and aqueous plants, alone extended its arms boldly as before, and, crossing the river in a charming festoon, went to unite itself to its lover on hostile ground; and the nightingales of Kovno's bowers held converse in Lithuanian, as of old, with their Prussian brothers; or, rising on independent wing, went on a visit to their playmates. And what of men? wars had divided them! Forgotten were the old friendship and hospitality of the Lithuanians and Prussians, unless sometimes when all-powerful love united individual pairs. I knew two such beings. Alas! O Niemen! soon will bands, spreading death and bloodshed, crowd to thy fords; the hatchet will deprive thy venerated

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banks of their green garlands, and the thunder of cannon will frighten the nightingales from thy orchards. All that is united by Nature's golden chain, will be torn asunder by the hatred of nations—all will be severed—but the hearts of lovers shall be united again in the song of the Waydelote.

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I.

THE ELECTION.

HARK! at the first peal of Marienburg's cathedral bells, the cannon is thundering, and the drums are rattling with joy; it is a solemn day with the Order of the Cross. From all sides the commanders are hastening to the capital, where, gathered in the chapter-house, and with the help of the Holy Spirit, they will decide on whose breast to hang the Grand Cross, and in whose hands to place the Great Sword. Two entire days had passed in council, for many are they that vie for that honour—all boast renowned sires, and equal are their services for the Order. As yet, however, the common voice of the brotherhood places Conrad Wallenrod above the rest.

Though a stranger and unknown in Prussia, he has filled with his fame far-distant lands. Whether he pursued the Moor on Castile's

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craggy mountains, or the Moslem pirate on the deep sea, he was foremost in battle, and in assault to mount the wall; he was the first to board the ships of the infidel; and when he entered the lists of a tournament, if he but raised his visor, none dared to try the strength of his lance, but willingly yielded him the prize. The renown which his sword had gained him in the ranks of the Cross was adorned besides by sublime Christian virtues, unassuming poverty, and disdain for the grandeur of the world. Conrad was not famed in courtiers' crowd for nicety of speech and elegance of demeanour; nor, tempted by vile reward, had he ever sold his arm to serve quarrelsome barons; he had passed his youth in the seclusion of monastic walls, disdaining applause and high offices. Even more honourable and sweeter rewards, the song of the minstrel and the favour of beauty, did not touch his icy heart.

Wallenrod listened to praise with indifference, avoided the sight of rosy cheeks, and closed his ear to the enchanting sounds that flow from the lips of beauty.

Was he haughty and unfeeling by nature or from age, it were difficult to say; for, though

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young, his hair was grey, and his faded countenance was furrowed by long and deep suffering. Sometimes he mixed in the sprightly crowd of the young and gay—listened even with pleasure to the talk of women—wittily retorted the courtier's jest, and bestowed on the ladies a thousand flatteries, with a smile as indifferent as if he had been caressing children.

Few were these moments of forgetfulness; and soon some word, without meaning to others, moved him deeply. Fatherland, duty, love, a mention of the crusades, or of Lithuania, poisoned at once Wallenrod's pleasures. Such sounds again spread gloom over his brow and his soul, and plunged him into secret melancholy musings. Perhaps it was the remembrance of the sanctity of his calling that made him reject the sweets of life. He knew only the soothing of friendship; he had chosen but one friend, venerable for his virtues and holiness: it was Halban, a hoary monk; he was Wallenrod's companion in solitude, the confessor of his soul, and the confidant of his heart. Blessed friendship! Hallowed on earth is he, who enjoys thee with the Holy!

Thus the chiefs of the council were ponder-

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ing on Conrad's qualities. He had a fault, however, but who is without one? Conrad disliked sensual enjoyment, and partook not of the revelry of his brethren; but when in his lonely cell, tortured by the stings of remembrance and present sufferings, he sought consolation in the cup. Then he seemed to assume different features, a sickly flush suffused his pale and severe countenance, and his large and once bright eyes, altered and dimmed by time, darted flashes of rekindled fire,—his breast uttered sighs of grief, and tears swelled his eyes; his hand grasped the lute, and from his lips flew songs in an unknown tongue: to understand them, it was enough to hear that melancholy music; it was enough to glance at the features of the minstrel. His mien was stamped with thoughtfulness,—the eye-brow raised, and his look bent towards earth, as if wishing to draw something from its depths. What might be the subject of his strains? Perchance, with wandering thought, he pursued his youth on the ocean of the past. And where was his soul? In the land of remembrance. But his hand, in its musical rapture, never drew lively sounds from the lute, and his lips seemed to dread an

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innocent smile, as a deadly sin; his fingers touched all the chords but one,—the chord of joy;—and the listener found in those strains an echo to each of his feelings, but that of hope.

Sometimes a few of the brothers, coming suddenly upon him, wondered at his surprising change. Conrad, aroused from his dreams, cast, with angry looks, the lute aside, and, instead of songs, muttered profane words. At other times he exchanged whispers with Halban—mixed his commands to the warriors with abuse, and ejaculated threats, but none knew against whom. All present gazed with astonishment and fear; old Halban alone then fixed a look on Conrad's countenance,—a look penetrating, cool, and severe, full of some secret eloquence. That look either recalled some remembrance—imparted some advice, or perhaps awakened fears in Conrad's breast:—it dispelled the cloud that hung on his brow, and damped the fire of his eyes and cheeks. Thus, at a fight of beasts, when the keeper of the lions, in presence of dames and knights, opens the iron door of the cage, and gives the signal with the trumpet, the royal animal draws thunder from the depths of his breast, and spreads terror among those that are

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present, while the keeper alone, without moving a step, quietly folds his arms on his breast, and, striking the lion powerfully with his eye, subdues brutal force with that immortal talisman of the soul.

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II.

The bells of Marienburg's cathedral were pealing —and from the chamber of council, the first Commander, the High Officers, and the Priests, followed by a crowd of brothers and knights, proceeded to chapel, where, after vespers, they sung a hymn to the Holy Spirit.

HYMN.

Oh! Holy Paraclete!
Light of the Godhead! Zion's heavenly dove!
Look down, thou brightly beaming! from above,
And shed the glory of thy countenance
Full, in this hour, upon the Christian world,
The earthly pillar of thy throne,—
And be thy wings unfurl'd
O'er Zion's brethren bowed beneath thy glance,—
That from thy wings a beam
Refulgent as the sun at noon,
May in a crown of radiance stream
Upon the brow most meet for this ineffable boon;
And straightway shall we bow, as meaner things,
Before the elected one thou coverest with thy wings.

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Saviour and Son!
Now whilst we kneel before thy shrine,
O let thine hand omnipotent put forth a sign
To mark that chosen one,
Whom with the symbol of thine agony
Thou, glorified, shalt will to glorify;
Who, girding Peter's sword upon his thigh,
Shall, in their terrible array,
Lead forth thine armed hosts to victory,
And to the Pagan rebel's gaze,
The banner of thy sovereign realm display;
And earth's frail son shall bow his crest
Before the man upon whose favoured breast
The emblem of thy cross is seen to blaze.

After prayers they left the sanctuary. The arch-commander bade them, after a short respite, return to the choir, and pray to God again to enlighten the priests and members of the council.

They went to enjoy the evening breeze,—some seated themselves under the piazza, others were walking through the orchards and groves. The night was calm, and on earth's boundary was peeping a fair morn of May. The moon having crossed the sapphirine canopy with unsteady brightness in her eye, resting now in a dark, and again in a silver cloud, was slowly dropping her quiet and lonely head, like a love-

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lorn and solitary maiden, who, having retraced in her mind the whole course of her life, all her hopes, enjoyments, and sufferings, at one time weeps, whilst again a faint ray of cheerfulness beams in her eyes, till at last, bending her tired head towards her breast, she falls into a lethargy of thought.

Whilst some of the knights enjoyed the walk, the chief commander spent not his time in vain, but summoned Halban and the principal of the brotherhood from the crowd, in order to hear their advice. From the castle they hastened towards the plain, where, by the quiet waters of the lake, they wandered for some hours. The morning dawn reminded them of returning;—they stopped,—they heard a voice,—whence came it? from The Tower. Attentively they listened to the sounds,—it was the voice of *The Recluse*.

Many years had gone by since first this unknown woman came from afar to Mary's city; and, whether inspired by Heaven, or wishing, by the balm of penitence, to heal the wounds of a reproachful conscience, she sought an abode in this tower, and found therein a living tomb. For a long time the priests opposed her wishes;

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but yielding at last to her entreaties, they gave her a solitary refuge in the tower. Scarcely had she crossed the sacred threshold, when stones closed the entrance, and she was left alone with her thoughts and with her God; and there perhaps will she remain till, at the day of judgement, angels open the gate that now separates her from the living. At the top was a small grated window, through which the pious sent nourishment to her, and heaven its rays and its zephyrs. Wretched sinner! has hatred to the world, afflicting thy youthful soul, made thee bid farewell for ever to the sun and to nature's smiling countenance? From the time she had shut herself up in her tomb, no one had seen her approach the window to inhale the wind's refreshing breath —to look in heaven's cheerful face, and at the sweet flowers upon the enamelled plain,—or—what is a thousand times sweeter—at the features of her fellow-beings. It was only known that she was still alive, for sometimes a pilgrim saint, straying amid the shades of night, was arrested by melodious strains—probably those of some pious song. And when the children, gathered from neighbouring Prussian villages, were sporting in the evening on the adjoining

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lawn, something in the window shone bright as the first ray of approaching dawn,—perhaps it was a lock of her amber hair,—or the reflection of her snowy hand blessing the children's innocent heads.

The Commander, bending his steps this way, heard, near to the tower, some part of these words:—"Alas! O Conrad, thou art about to fulfil thy destiny; thou art to be their master, to achieve their destruction! Are they blinded? No;—vain is thy disguise; wert thou like a serpent to change thy form, thy soul would still remain the same; and, shouldst thou return even after thy death, they would still recognise thee." The knights listened in suspense,—it was the voice of the Recluse. They looked at the grate, and fancied they saw her extending her arms downwards, to some one beneath; but to whom? all around was quiet,—only at a distance something was flickering, like a steel helmet, and a shadow on the ground;—was it the cloak of a knight? It vanished. Surely the eye must have been deceived; it might be the first gleam of Aurora's light, with a cloud of dust raised by the breath of morn.

"Brethren," said Halban, "thanks be to

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Heaven, whose decrees have brought us hither; let us trust to the voice of the Recluse. Did you hear her name the name of Conrad, the valiant scion of the Wallenrods? Let us join hands and pledge our knightly word, that, at to-morrow's Council, we proclaim no one but him our master." "None else!" they cried, "None but him!"

Far over the vale, were echoed their joyful cries, "long live Conrad our master! May the order prosper, and the pagan perish!" They went,—Halban alone remained behind, absorbed in deep thought; he cast on them a glance of disdain, again looked up to the Tower, and, as he withdrew from it, began in a low voice the following song.

SONG.

The Wilia, queen amongst her rushing daughters,
Has sands of gold, and waves of deepest blue;—
The Lithuanian girl who draws her waters,
Has heart yet purer, lips yet fresher too.

'Midst tulips bright and roses, gaily stealing,
Through Kovno's lovely vale the Wilia flows;—
Before the Lithuanian maiden kneeling,
Our youths outshine the tulip and the rose.

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The Wilia scorns the valley's loveliest flowers,
To seek her cherished Niemen she flows on;—
The fair girl wearies 'midst her country's wooers,
For a young stranger's love her heart hath won.

Between his powerful arms his lover seizing,
The Niemen bears her over rock and plain,
Presses the Wilia to his bosom freezing,
And both are swallowed in the rolling main.

Thou too, poor girl! a stranger's voice shall lure thee,
Far from thy sheltering fields and native home,
Oblivion's gulfs are yawning to devour thee,
But, sadder still,—for none will share thy doom.

'Tis vain to warn the heart, or the swift river,
The young girl loves, the Wilia onward sweeps;—
Within her Niemen Wilia's lost for ever,
Within her lonely tower the young girl weeps.

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III.

When the Grand Master had kissed the book of sacred laws, finished his prayers, and received from the Commander the sword and Grand Cross, the ensigns of his power, he proudly raised his brow, and, though a cloud of suffering was hanging over it, glanced around with an eye in which joy and wrath were kindled, while a faint and transient smile such as seldom lighted up his countenance, passed over his lips, like the light that pierces the morning clouds, the forerunner of the rising sun and of thunder. That smile, and that menacing look of the Master filled every heart with cheerfulness and hope,—they anticipated battles and plunder, and already, in their thoughts, streams of Pagan blood were flowing. Who could equal such a chief? Who would dare to brave his sword and piercing eye? Tremble, Lithuanians!

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The moment is hastening on, when from Wilno's ramparts shall glitter the sign of the Cross.

Vain hopes! Days and weeks flowed on; a whole long year had passed in peace, Lithuania became more and more menacing, and Wallenrod neither sought the battle himself, nor sent others to fight; and when, awakened from his unbecoming slumber, he began to act, it was but to overturn the accustomed state of things. He reproached the order with licentiousness, and violation of vows;—"Let us pray," he repeated, "let us renounce worldly treasures, and seek glory in virtue and peace." He imposed days of fasting and penitence, forbade innocent joys, and punished the least offence with dungeon, exile, and death.

Meanwhile, the Lithuanian, that formerly cautiously avoided approaching the castles of the Order, was burning the villages around their capital, and leading the unarmed inhabitant into captivity. For the first time, the peaceful villager trembled on his threshold, at the terrible sound of the Samogitian horn. Could there ever be a more favourable season for war? Lithuania, torn by intestine strife, was here threatened by the hardy Prussian, there by the restless

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Pole, while from Crimea the Tartar Khans were pouring in their savage hordes. Witold, driven by Iagello from his throne, came to crave the Order's protection: he promised lands and treasures in return, and, up to that moment, was in vain waiting for help.

Discontent was awakened—the brothers murmured—a council assembled, but the Grand Master was absent.—Halban hastened through halls and chapel, but Conrad could not be found; where was he then? haply at the solitary tower. The brothers had traced his nightly steps: all knew that every evening, when the earth was veiled in thick darkness, he used to wander by the banks of the lake; or, wrapped in his cloak, knelt till dawn at the foot of the tower, like a statue of marble.

Sometimes he rose, as if to reply to the voice of the Recluse; no ear could catch the sounds of their words, but from the movement of his hands, and the frequent shaking of his helmet, one might guess that they held some important converse.

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SONG FROM THE TOWER.

Ah! who my tears will number, or my sighs?
Have I, then, wept away so many years—
Or is the woe so bitter in mine eyes,
And breast, the grate is rusted with my tears?
Where fall my burning drops, they pierce the stone,
Which drinks them as with pity of my moan.

There burns a fire in Swentorog's dark walls,
Its sacred flame is fed by pious priests.
On Mendog's hill a fount for ever falls,
Its source is fed by snows and mountain mists.
None of my sorrow feeds the ceaseless store,
But yet my heart and eyes grieve evermore.

A father's love—a tender mother's breast—
Splendour and wealth—sweet home and smiling land—
Days without anguish—nights of dreamless rest!—
Peace like a guardian angel's unseen hand,
By morn, and noon, and night—at home—abroad—
Still watched beside me, wheresoe'er I trod.

Three lovely daughters—in one home we dwelt;—
I first was wooed;—oh happy days were ye,
When at the same fond mother's knee we knelt!—
Who told me other happiness might be?
Beautiful youth! ah why didst thou disclose,
What in our Lithuanian land, none knows?

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Of that great God, and of those angels bright—
  Those stone-built cities, gloriously fair,
Where the one holy faith is throned in might,
  And men in gorgeous temples offer prayer,—
Where the young maids hold princes in their chains,
Brave as our heroes, tender as our swains.

Of that glad heaven whither man's soul shall break
  From earth's confining bonds and upwards flee:—
Ah, I believed it,—for to hear thee speak,
  Was as that everlasting life to me.
Even from that hour, sheltered, or tempest-driven,
I have dreamed but of thee—of thee, and heaven.

The cross upon thy breast my fond hopes nurs'd,
  It seemed to promise happiness to come;
Alas! from thence a thunderbolt hath burst,
  And all around is void and deadly gloom.
Yet deem not I regret;—from life's brief scope
Thou hast taken all away,—all, all but Hope.

Hope! repeated, with a soft echo, the banks of the lake and the hills;—"Where am I?" exclaimed Conrad, with a wild smile, aroused from his dreams;—"I hear something of hope? Why those songs?—I shall remember thy happiness; 'Three lovely daughters, in one home you dwelt, and thou first wert wooed . . . . . .' Woe! woe, to you, charming flowers! A fright-

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ful viper has crept into the garden, and wherever it glides with its wandering breast, the grass withers, and the roses fade and become yellow as the reptile's breast! Return in imagination to the past, and remember the days which thou wouldst have spent in happiness, if . . . . . Thou art silent! no—sing and curse;—let not that burning tear, which pierces the granite, flow in vain. I will take off my helmet;—let it fall here, and let it burn my forehead! yes, here let it fall: I am ready to suffer; I shall feel while yet on earth what I am to suffer in hell."

THE VOICE FROM THE TOWER.

"Forgive me, my love, forgive me! I have erred!

"Thou camest late—it was so lonely to wait, and involuntarily some childish song . . . . . Away with that song—why should I complain? With thee, my love, did I pass a moment,—that one brief moment I would not exchange for a life which some pass in indolent repose. Thou told'st me that common people are like shells that lie concealed in mud, and are scarcely once a year thrown out by the tempest from the depth of the troubled waters; they open their

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mouths, utter a sigh to Heaven, and again return to their tomb. No! I am not made for such happiness. Whilst I led a quiet life in my native land, in the midst of playful companions, I longed and sighed for something. I felt my heart's secret beating. Often I hastened from the level meadow, and, pausing on the highest hill, I thought, if each of those larks could give me but one feather of his wing, I would follow them; and having plucked from that mountain but one 'Forget Me Not,' I would then fly high, high beyond the clouds, and vanish. King of birds! thou hast heard me, and hast raised me to thyself on buoyant wings. Now, O larks! I ask nothing from you; for whither should I fly, and what pleasures should I seek, since I have known the Great God in Heaven, and have loved a great man on earth?"

CONRAD.

"Greatness! and again greatness, my angel! It is that for which we are moaning in grief. A few days yet;—let our hearts suffer but a few days;—they are not many. 'Tis done! after the deed, complaint is vain. Let us weep—but let our foes tremble; for Conrad has wept only

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to be hereafter unaffected by slaughter. Why, my dearest, why didst thou come here from the monastery—the sanctuary of peace? I had devoted thee to the service of God; was it not better to weep and die in his holy temple, far from me, than here, in the land of falsehood and murder, to open your lonely eyes, and to struggle with death in heart-rending tortures, and in this living tomb? And as for me, I must behold, at a distance, the protracted agony of thy death, and curse my soul, because it still retains some portion of sensibility."

THE VOICE FROM THE TOWER.

"If thou complainest, come hither no more! Even shouldst thou come and entreat most ardently, thou shalt not hear my voice again. I will return into the deep gloom of my tower, and swallow my bitter tears in silence. Farewell, for ever!—farewell, my only one! May the remembrance of that hour perish, in which thou hadst not pity on me!"

CONRAD.

"Then have *thou* pity!—thou art an angel! Stop! and if prayers do not arrest thee, I will

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strike my forehead against the corner of the tower, and entreat thee by Cain's doom."

THE VOICE FROM THE TOWER.

" Oh let us have pity on ourselves! Remember, my beloved, that in this wide, wide world, we are like two dew-drops on a sea of sand, that at the slightest breath of wind vanish from earth for ever. Ah! let us then perish together. I did not come hither to increase thy torment; I did not make the sacerdotal vow—for, how could I wed Heaven whilst in my heart was living an earthly lover? I wished to remain in the convent, and humbly to devote my life to the service of sacred virgins; but without thee, all around was to me new, strange, and gloomy. I remembered that thou wert to return some day to Mary's city, to seek revenge on our foes, and to serve the cause of our unfortunate nation. He who is longing for something, shortens years in his thought. I thought with myself, perhaps he is now returning—perhaps he is there already; is it a sin to wish to see him once again, and to expire at least near him, since I am to descend to a living tomb? I will go, said I to myself,—

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I will shut myself up in a solitary cell on a rock near the road: perhaps some knight passing by my dwelling, may pronounce my lover's name—nay, perchance among many unknown helmets I may perceive his waving crest. Let him change his armour,—let him wear an unknown device upon his shield,—let him even change his features,—still my heart will recognise my lover from afar! And whilst the heavy hand of destiny urges him to spread woe and desolation around, and when all shall curse him, there will at least be one soul who will dare to bless him in secret. Here have I chosen my habitation and my tomb in quiet retirement, where no wanderer's sacrilegious ear shall overhear my lamentations. I know thou likest solitary walks; perhaps, thought I, he may one day leave his companions to talk with the evening breeze, and the murmuring waves of the lake; he will think of me, and hear my voice. Heaven has lent a favourable ear to my innocent wishes,—thou camest,—thou hast understood my song. Formerly, I prayed that my dreams might console me with thy image, though that image were dumb. To-day, what delight! to-day we can together weep . . . "

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"And what will be the fruit of our tears? I wept, thou knowest it, when I tore myself from thy embrace for ever,—when I bade a voluntary adieu to happiness, to fulfil my bloody designs. Crowned is now my too long martyrdom,—I have attained the aim of my wishes,—I may wreak my vengeance on the foe, and thou art come to pluck victory from my grasp! Since thou hast looked at me from thy window, my eye sees nothing in the whole circle of the world but the lake, the tower, and its grate. All around me is stirred by the bustle of war. In the midst of the sounds of trumpets, and the clashing of swords, I listen with an eager and impatient ear but for the angelic sounds of thy voice. My days creep on in expectation; and when evening comes, I would lengthen it by my thoughts. I compute my existence by evenings. Meanwhile, the Order reproves this inaction,—asks loudly for war,—entreats for its own destruction. And Halban, full of revenge, does not allow me a moment's repose,—he ever reminds me of my vow, and of our villages devastated by the Germans;—and if I turn my ear from his complaints, he knows how, by a sigh,

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by a gesture, or by one glance of his eye, to rekindle in me the smothered flame of vengeance.

"My destiny seems to approach its end. Nothing can stop the Crusaders from war. Yesterday, we received a message from Rome. Religious zeal has brought from different parts of the world numberless crowds into the field, and all call on me to lead them, with sword and cross, against the ramparts of Wilno. Nevertheless, to my shame be it avowed, whilst the fate of nations is balancing in my hands, I think but of thee! I seek for delays, that we may live one day more for each other.

"Youth, how great are thy sacrifices! With heart-rending pangs, but with strength and courage, I was in my youth able to sacrifice my love, my happiness, and my heaven, for my country's sake; and to-day in maturer age, when duty, despair, and the will of God drive me into the field, I dare not tear my grey head from these walls, lest I lose the blessing of thy converse!"

He ceased, and from the tower was heard a low moaning. Long hours passed in silence;—the darkness of night was retreating, and a faint ray of the approaching sun reddened the face of

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the calm waters;—the cool morning air rustled in the foliage of the neighbouring coppice,—the birds uttered a few low notes, and then, falling again into silence, shewed that they had awaked too early.

Conrad rose, lifted his eyes to the tower, and cast a long painful look on the grate. At the first warbling of the nightingale he looked around, —it was morning,—he lowered his vizor, wrapped his face in the wide folds of his cloak, and, by a movement of his hand, bidding the Recluse adieu, he vanished suddenly in the thicket. Thus the tempting infernal spirit flies from the door of a hermit at the sound of the bell that announces the morning prayers.

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IV.

THE FEAST.

'Twas the day of the Patron Saint. From all sides the Commanders and Brothers arrived at the capital; white ensigns waved from the Castle's battlements and called the Knights to a grand feast.

Around the table flowed a hundred white cloaks, each marked with a long black cross,—these were the brethren; and behind them were standing as many young squires to serve them. At the head was Conrad, and on his left sat Witold, with his chief warriors; he was formerly the Order's foe, but now their guest, united to them by a treaty against Lithuania.

The Grand Master arose to give the signal for the banquet;—"Let us rejoice in the Lord," said he, and immediately the goblets flashed. "Let us rejoice in the Lord!" repeated a thou-

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sand voices, and the silver cups were emptied of their sparkling wine.

Wallenrod resumed his seat, and, leaning on his elbow, listened with disdain to the foolish talk. The noise subsided, and scarcely here and there did a solitary jest interrupt the jangle of the festive cups.

"Let us rejoice, Brethren!" exclaimed he, "does it behove warriors to enjoy themselves thus? At once you began with loud roars of laughter, and now I hear but low whispering; are we, then, going to feast like either brigands or ascetics?

"Different were the customs in my time, when, in the mountains of Castile or in the forests of Finland, we drank around the watch-fires on a battle field strewn with the dead. There we had songs,—is there in this crowd neither bard nor minstrel? Wine gladdens the heart of man, but song is nectar for his thoughts."

Several singers came forward. Presently a robust Italian praised, with nightingale voice, Conrad's valour and piety. Then a troubadour from the banks of the Garonne began to sing of enamoured shepherds, enchanted maids, and wandering knights.

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Conrad grew drowsy,—the songs had ceased. Suddenly awakened by the interruption of the noise, he threw to the Italian a purse filled with gold. "For me alone wert thou singing," said he, "I can give no other reward; take that, and go thy way. Thou, youthful troubadour, that servest love and beauty, wilt excuse that at this knightly board there is no maid that might, in reward, fix a transient flower in thy breast. Here the roses are faded. I wish another bard. A monastic knight wants a different song,—let it be as wild and harsh as the sound of the horn, and the clang of arms,—as gloomy as the walls of a convent, and as furious as a solitary drunkard.

"To us who bless and slaughter the people, let the song be at the same time bloody and holy; let it raise in our bosoms tender feelings and wrath, weariness and awe;—such is our life, such shall be our song.

"Who will sing it?—Who?"—"I"—replied a hoary old man, who was sitting near the entrance, among squires and pages. From his dress, he appeared to be a Prussian or a Lithuanian; his thick beard was whitened by age—some remains of his grey tresses still covered

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his head, a broad band veiled his forehead and eyes, and his visage bore deep traces of years and grief. In his right hand, he held an old Prussian lute, and his left he extended towards the table, by that sign to beg a hearing. All became silent. "*I* will sing," he exclaimed. "Formerly, I sang to the Prussians and Lithuanians; to-day some of these have fallen in their country's defence; others, unwilling to live after their country's death, prefer to descend along with her to the tomb, like faithful servants, who, in good and bad fortune, perish on their benefactor's funeral pile;—others hide their shameful existence in forests;—and some again, like Witold, partake of your board.

"But, after death,—you know it, Germans,—ask yourselves,—what will be the fate of those vile traitors to their country, when they are given, in the other world, as food to the eternal flames, and appeal to their ancestors in Paradise? In what language will they entreat for relief? Will their forefathers recognize in the barbarian tongue of the invaders, the voice of their children?

"Oh shame to Lithuania! none! none gave me help, when I, a Waydelote, was dragged

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not understand, may withdraw. As for me, I like these sad moans of the unintelligible Lithuanian melody, as I like the roar of dashing waves, or the low splashing of a vernal rain. They invite sweet sleep. Sing, old bard."

THE WAYDELOTE'S SONG.

"When pestilence is to fall on Lithuania, its approach is seen by a prophetic eye; for, as the Waydelotes say, there appears on cemeteries and haunted spots a woman, the spirit of the plague, clad in white robes, with a fiery garland in her hair, her head towering higher than the forest of Bialovieza, and her hand waving a bloody kerchief.

"The castle-guards hide their eyes under the helmet, and the village dogs, scratching the ground, uproot the mould, scent death, and howl fearfully.

"The spirit treads with fatal steps over villages, castles, and rich towns; and as often as she waves her bloody ensign, so many castles are changed into deserts; and wherever she places her foot, a new grave rises.

"Dreadful sight!—But greater destruction

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was foreboded to Lithuania by the appearance, from the German frontier, of a resplendent helmet, surmounted by an ostrich crest, and a wide mantle with a black cross. Wherever this phantom has trod, it is not one castle or village that has fallen in ruins, but whole provinces have been turned into tombs.

"Ah! whoever has been able to preserve a Lithuanian soul, come to me, we will sit down upon the tomb of nations, we will sing, meditate, and shed tears.

"O popular tradition! thou ark of covenant between old and young times! In thee, a nation deposits the armour of its heroes, the train of its thoughts, and the flowers of its feelings.

"O sacred ark! not to be destroyed by time and reverses, until thine own people pollute thee. O popular song! thou keepest guard of the temple of national remembrances, and, besides the wings and the voice of an archangel, thou hast sometimes also an archangel's sword!

"The written records of nations are devoured by flames,—treasures are destroyed by royal brigands,—but song remains uninjured. It goes the round of whole generations, and, when base

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minds do not know how to foster it with sorrow and hope, it escapes to the mountains,—it clings to ruins,—and thence tells the tale of olden times. Thus the nightingale escapes from the house set on fire, and pauses still a moment on the roof; but, when the roof sinks into the flames, it flies away to the forests, and, with its melodious voice, among tombs and ruins, sings to the travellers a mournful strain.

"I have also listened to songs.—I saw a hoary labourer, turning up bones with his plough, stop, and play on his willow flute the prayer of the dead; in a rhymed lament, did he extol your deeds, ye great, childless forefathers! The echoes accompanied his strains. I listened from a distance, and felt the more deeply afflicted by the sight and song, since I was the only one who saw and heard him.

"As on the great Day of Judgment the Archangel's trumpet will call the past from the tomb, so did the bones rise and grow into giant forms at the sound of the song. From the ruins rose arches and columns, the lakes resounded with the strokes of numerous oars, and through the open portals I saw princely crowns, and the armour of warriors; bards were singing, and

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maidens dancing. Wonderful dreams, but followed by a cruel awakening!

"Vanished are the forests and mountains of my native land! In vain my thoughts try to rise on their wearied wings. The lute has become silent in my nerveless hand, and, amidst the heart-rending moans of my countrymen, I often do not hear the voice of the past. Sparks, however, of youthful enthusiasm glow at the core of the heart, kindle sometimes into flame, stir the soul, and light up the memory. Then is memory like a lamp of glass, adorned with brilliant paintings; though dimmed by dust and spots, if you place a light in its heart it will flatter the eye by the freshness of its colours, and will throw a brilliant tapestry on the walls of the hall.

"Oh! were I able to transfuse my own fire into the breasts of my hearers, and call to their sight the forms of the past—were I able to penetrate with bewitching words the hearts of my countrymen—perhaps, at the very moment, moved by the paternal song, they would feel their hearts beating as of old,—perhaps they would feel a returning greatness of soul, and live, though but for one short moment, as

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glorious as their ancestors were during their whole lives.

"But why should I call up ages gone by? I do not yet despair of my own times, for there is yet *one* great man living, and not far off; of him I will sing. Mark well his example, O Lithuanians!"

Here the old man stopped, and looked around to see if the Germans would allow him to continue. In the hall a dead silence reigned, which encouraged the bard. He then resumed his song, but in a different style; his voice flowed more slowly, his fingers but seldom struck the strings of the lute, and, from a hymn, he lowered his strains to a simple tale.

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V.

THE TALE OF THE WAYDELOTE.

"WHENCE returned the Lithuanians? They returned from a nightly expedition. They were loaded with rich spoils, from castles and temples which fell into their power. Crowds of German prisoners, pinioned, and with halters on their necks, ran beside the horses of the conquerors. They turned their eyes towards Prussia, and shed floods of tears; they cast a look on Kovno, and commended their souls to God. In the middle of the city of Kovno there was an extensive plain, consecrated to the god *Perun*. There, the Lithuanian princes, after victory, used to sacrifice German knights upon the pile, as a burnt-offering. Only two warriors, from among the prisoners, were going without manifesting any fear; the one young and handsome, the other bent under the burden of age.

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They left the German ranks during the combat, and ran over to the Lithuanians. Prince Keystut received them, but caused them to be surrounded with guards, and taken to his castle.

"'From what country are you?' asked the Prince, 'and what are your intentions in coming hither?'—'I know neither my name nor parentage,' said the youngest, 'for I was yet of very tender age when the Germans led me into captivity. I only recollect, that in some part of Lithuania, in a large town, stood the house of my parents; it was of brick, and other houses were built of wood. The town was situated on lofty hills, around which, in an extensive plain, was a thick fir wood. Afar beyond the forest, there shone a white lake. Once, at midnight, a sudden and horrible noise awoke us from our repose. A blaze appeared through the windows; the panes cracked, and volumes of smoke with flames burst into our hall. We ran down to the gate; the wind blew the flames throughout the streets; a shower of sparks fell on every side. "To arms!" was the startling cry, "the Germans are in the town;—to arms!" My father grasped his sword, hurried out, and never returned. The Germans rushed into our

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dwelling; one of them seized me, spurred his horse, and carried me off.

"'I know not the further horrors of that fatal night. I only heard the cries of my mother; for a long time did I hear them; amidst the clashing of arms and noise of crumbling buildings, those cries pursued me and remained for ever in my ears. Even now, whenever I see fire, and hear clamours for help, the cries of my mother are awakened in my bosom, like the echo in a cavern, by a peal of thunder. This is all that I know of my country and of my parents.

"'Sometimes, in my dreams, I think I see the noble shadows of my mother, father, and brothers; but time conceals their features with a mysterious veil, which becomes to my eye gradually more thick and dark.

"'My young years were passing away. I lived among the Germans as a German. Walter was my name—they added to it that of Alf. The name was German, but my soul remained Lithuanian; and I cherished in my bosom a heart-rending regret for my country, and a hatred of its foes. Winrych, the Grand Master of the Knights of the Cross, kept me in his

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palace; he caused me to be baptized, himself stood godfather to me, and loved and caressed me as his own child. But nothing could amuse me. I grew weary in the gorgeous palace, stole away from Winrych's lap, and ran to an old Lithuanian Waydelote, who lived at that time among the Germans. He, many years before, had been taken prisoner, and now served as interpreter to the army. Hearing that I was an orphan, and a Lithuanian, he used to draw me to himself, related many things of our father-land, and roused my dejected spirits by the sounds and songs of my mother-tongue. He often took me to the banks of the blue Niemen, whence I fondly looked at the charming hills of my native country. In my way back to the castle, the old man wiped away his tears to avoid suspicion; he dried *my* eyes, too, but he excited my vengeance against the Germans. I well recollect, that often, after having returned to the palace from our usual excursions, I secretly sharpened a knife;—with what revengeful pleasure I cut the rich carpets of Winrych, defaced his costly mirrors, or spit and threw dust upon his glittering shield.

" ' Afterwards, when a youth, I used to go with the old man to the port of Klaypeda, and

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thence we started, in a small boat, to visit the coasts of Lithuania. There, with delight, I plucked the flowers of my native soil, and with their enchanting fragrance inhaled some ancient and dark recollections. Intoxicated with that fragrance, I grew childish; it seemed to me as if I were still a young boy, and played with my brothers in our parents' garden. The old man assisted my memory: with words, sweeter than flowers, he portrayed the happy times that were past. "How pleasant would it be," said he, "to spend thy young days in thy native land, among thy friends and relatives! But how many children born in Lithuania are deprived of such happiness! Torn from the bosom of their mothers, they groan now in the chains of the Order." Or, he would take me to the shores of Polonga, where the sea, dashing its white roaring waves on the shore, pours forth streams of sand from its foaming mouth. "Behold!" said he, "the verdure of the meadows bordering the sea; sand has already strewed its first destructive couch upon them! Look at all these fragrant herbs, how they still strive to pierce with their heads their oppressive covering; but, alas! 'tis in vain. The new sandy hydra is coming;

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she stretches far out her white fins, undermines the inhabited lands, and spreads a wilderness around. Mark this, my son: Those tender offsprings of the early season, entombed alive, are the conquered nations, our brethren of Lithuania;—that mass of sand, which the tempest brings over from beyond the sea to these shores, is the Order!"

"' My heart was swelling with grief, when I listened to his recitals. I longed to slay the Croises, and to run away to Lithuania. The old man checked my sallies. "Free warriors," said he, "are allowed to choose their arms, and to fight openly on equal footing. Remain yet among your foes, learn from them the art of war, endeavour to gain their confidence,—and then we shall see how to proceed."

"' Obeying his injunctions, I followed everywhere the troops of the Teutones; but in the first encounter with the Lithuanians, no sooner had my eye glanced upon the banners of my nation, and my ears caught its martial tunes, than I rushed forward to join my own people, bringing along with me the aged minstrel. So a young falcon, torn from his nest, and brought up in a cage, often deceives the fowler. In vain

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the sportsmen, by cruel tortures, wish to deprive him of his instinct, and bid him destroy his brethren: when he has risen up to the clouds, cast his piercing eye upon the vast tract of the blue regions, breathed a free air, and heard the rustling of his wings,—then home the fowler may go with the empty cage, nor wait longer for his falcon.'

"Thus spoke the youth. Keystut attentively listened to him, and so did his daughter, Aldona, a young and beautiful virgin, more resembling a goddess than a mortal being.

"It was autumn. In the long evenings which that season offers, Aldona, usually surrounded by her sisters and companions, was engaged at the loom, or, for amusement, took part in spinning; and whilst the needles glittered and the spindles reeled, Walter, standing in the circle of the nymphs, related marvellous things of the German countries, and of his youthful days. Nothing of what Walter ever said was lost upon Aldona. She inhaled all his words, knew them all by heart, and often repeated them in her dreams.

"Walter told what great towns and castles are on the other side of the Niemen; what rich

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dresses and splendid feasts and amusements are there; how gallant warriors break their lances at public tournaments, and how ladies, looking from their balconies, bestow the laurels upon the victors. He spoke of the great God that reigns beyond the Niemen, and of the holy and immaculate Virgin, whose divine features he showed in a beautiful little image which he piously wore upon his breast. That image he gave to Aldona; he instructed her in the Christian faith, and repeated prayers with her. He wished to teach her all that he knew; alas! he taught her even what he himself had not before known—he taught her to love; and he, too, learnt the same lore. With what delightful emotions he listened to the sound of his mother-tongue, which flowed so charmingly from her lips! Every word which he had forgotten, and which she now recalled to his memory, kindled new feelings in his breast, like sparks which spring up from ashes when they are stirred. Oh! how agreeable were the words *parents*, *relations*, *friendship*, sweet friendship, and still sweeter than all others, the word *love*, to which there is no equal on earth, except the word *Father-land!*

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" ' What is the cause of such a sudden change in my daughter?' murmured Keystut, ' Where is now her former gaiety? Where are now her innocent amusements? On festival days all her companions take part in dancing and other diversions; *she* only loves to be alone, unless conversing with Walter. On the week days, when all the maidens are occupied with their sewing or looms, the needle falls from her hand, and her yarn becomes ravelled; she is absent and hardly conscious of what she is doing; everybody tells me the same. Yesterday I perceived in her needle-work, that she made the flower of a rose with green silk, and the leaves with red. And how could she see anything else, when her eyes look for the eyes of Walter, and her thoughts follow his fair words? Whenever I ask, where is she? In the valley. Where has she been? In the valley. What has she then in that valley? The young man has planted there a little garden for her. Is then that garden finer than all my orchards around the castle, full of pears and apples so much admired by all the maids of Kovno? It is not the little garden that attracts her to the valley. Many times during

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the winter I observed, in looking at the windows of her room, that the panes in that one which overlooks the Niemen, were as clear as in the middle of May; ice had not veiled their transparency; and why? Walter used to walk that way; then she, no doubt, sitting before the window, melted all the ice upon it, with her burning sighs. I thought he would teach her reading and writing, as now all princes' children begin to be instructed in these precious arts, but never did I expect that his instruction would produce such a change upon her mind. Walter, however, is a good and brave young man and versed in learning like a priest. Shall I expel him from my house? He is so useful to our country: he is the most skilful in setting an army in array; he casts up the best intrenchments; prepares the fire-arms; he alone stands to me for many troops. Come, Walter, be my son-in-law, and fight for Lithuania.'

"Walter married Aldona. Germans, you perhaps think this is the end of the tale; for, in your romances, the Troubadour generally ends his song with the marriage of his hero, adding only, that the lovely couple lived long and happily. Walter loved his spouse, but, pos-

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sessed of a generous soul, he could not find happiness in his home, for there was no happiness in his native country.

" Scarcely had the snow disappeared, and the lark,—which to other countries ushers in love and pleasures, but to Lithuania every year nothing but slaughter and devastation,—had but chanted his first song in the air, when innumerable bands of crusaders marched to the frontier of Lithuania.

" Already from the hills, which command the vast plain beyond the Niemen, the echo brought to Kovno the bustle of numerous cohorts—the clashing of arms and neighing of steeds. Down poured the army from the hills, and, like a fog, spread over the plain. Here and there fluttered the flags of the vanguard, like the lightning that flashes before a tempest. Soon did the foes reach the banks of the Niemen; they threw bridges over the river, and besieged Kovno on all sides. Walls and bastions battered by powerful rams crumbled down every day; every night the destructive mines approached the town, like moles, under the ground; and treacherous bombs, hiding destruction in their bosoms, soared to the clouds,

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and, like birds of prey upon their victims, fell with impetuosity upon the roofs.

"Kovno lay in ruins; the Lithuanian people retired to Keydany. Keydany, too, fell in ruins; people retired to the mountains and forests, and there defended themselves; while the Germans proceeded on their march, plundering and burning every thing before them.

"Keystut and Walter were ever the first in combat, and the last in retreat. Keystut was always calm; from his childhood he had been accustomed to fight with the enemy,—to rush upon, conquer, and retreat, with equal skill and speed. He knew that his ancestors had continually made war with the Germans; following their example, he fought, and was careless of the future. Different were the thoughts of Walter;—brought up among the Germans, he knew the power of the Order. He knew that the Grand Master had treasures, arms and troops, throughout Europe, at his disposal. The Prussians had long defended themselves, yet the Teutones subdued them; the same fate, sooner or later, awaited the Lithuanians. He had seen the calamity of the Prussians,—he trembled for his country.

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"'O my son!' said Keystut, 'thou art an awful prophet; thou hast drawn the veil from my eyes to shew me an abyss. When I listen to thy arguments, my arm seems to grow weak; and along with the hope of victory, my courage leaves me. What can we now do against the Germans?' 'Father,' said Walter, 'I know only one expedient, dreadful, alas! but sure,—perhaps I will one day reveal it.' Thus they were conversing after a battle, when the trumpet of war summoned them to new combats and disasters.

"Each day increased the dullness of Keystut; and Walter was much changed. Although he never used to be loudly merry,—and though, even in happier times, a slight gloom of melancholy often clouded his brow,—yet formerly, in the society of Aldona, he always showed a composed and cheerful countenance; he greeted her with a smile, and bade her farewell with a look of deepest feeling. Now he seemed to be preyed upon by some secret grief; the whole morning, standing before his abode, with crossed arms, he contemplated the smoking ruins of burned towns and villages, and then his look grew wild. In the middle of the night he started out of his

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sleep, rushed to the window, and spent hours in gazing on the lurid clouds of conflagration.

"'Dear love, what aileth thee?' asked Aldona, with tears in her eyes. 'Why, shall I slumber and be quiet, till the Germans fall upon me when I am asleep, and deliver me in chains into the hands of the executioner?' 'God forbid, dear Walter, strong guards watch over the ramparts.' 'Yes, they do, and *I* watch too, and wield my sword; but, when all the guards perish, and my sword becomes blunt . . . . . Listen.—When I reach an old age, a miserable old age . . . . when God sends us his blessings in our children, then the Germans will assail our happy abode; they will slay my wife, carry away my offspring, and teach them to launch the dart against their own father. I myself would perhaps have murdered my own father and brothers, if Waydelote had not been my guide.' 'Beloved Walter, let us retire further into the country,—let us go into the forests and mountains, and there let us conceal ourselves from the enemy.' 'Shall we go, and leave here many other parents and children?—Thus the Prussians fled, and yet the Germans overtook them in Lithuania.—And, if we are found in

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the mountains?' 'Then we will flee farther.' 'Farther?—Oh! what dost thou say, unfortunate woman,—farther?—Shall we go beyond the confines of Lithuania, and fall into the hands of Tartars or Moscovites?'

"At these words, Aldona stood motionless; she was struck with terror; it had seemed to her as if her country was large as the world,—without limits; now she learnt for the first time that there was no shelter for them in the whole of Lithuania. She burst into tears, and, wringing her hands, exclaimed, 'what, then, shall we do?' 'There is only one means to crush the power of the Order,' said Walter, 'that means is known to me; but, by Heaven! I beseech thee, do not ask me any more. Cursed be that hour, when, forced by our foes, I shall use that means.'

"He would say no more;—he was deaf to all the entreaties of Aldona, for he heard nothing, saw nothing but the misfortunes of his country. At last, the fire of revenge, excited in silence by the sight of continued calamities and sufferings, broke out into a flame, surrounded the heart, and consumed all his gentler feelings, even the only feeling which hitherto had softened

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his weary life, the feeling of love. Thus, when sportsmen, kindling a large fire in the trunk of a stately oak, burn out the heart; soon does the monarch of the forest lose his rich foliage, stormy winds carry off his branches, and even his last verdure, the green crown of mistletoe which has adorned his brow, withers and disappears for ever.

"Long had the Lithuanians wandered from castle to castle, and amid mountains and forests, living in continual bloody conflicts with the Germans, till the dreadful battle on the Plains of Rudava was fought, when several thousands of the flower of the Lithuanian youth, and as many of the chiefs and fraternity of the Cross, fell on the battle field. But the Teutones soon saw fresh succours coming to them by sea and land, whilst Keystut and Walter, with a handful of the brave, having forced their passage through the enemy's ranks, reached their protecting mountains.

"With notched sabres and hacked shields, covered with gore and dust, gloomy, but not dejected, Keystut and Walter entered the chamber of Aldona. Walter did not address a single word to his spouse, nor did he even look at her, but continued a vehement conversation with

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Keystut and the old Waydelote. They spoke in German; Aldona did not understand them, but her heart augured some fatal events. After having finished their deliberation, all three cast a pitiful look upon Aldona. Walter contemplated her for a long time with an expression of mute despair, when suddenly a flood of tears rushed from his eyes; he threw himself at her feet, and, pressing her hands to his heart, implored her pardon for all that she had suffered for his sake.

"'Woe to woman,' said he, 'when she loves the infatuated man whose eye longs to wander in the scenery beyond the limits of his native village, whose thoughts fluctuate like smoke in the airy regions, and whose heart is unsatisfied by domestic happiness. Great hearts are like too large hives; the honey not being able to fill them up, they become nests for lizards. Pardon me, beloved Aldona,—to-day I will remain with thee,—to-day I will forget all my griefs,—to-day we shall be to each other what we formerly used to be;—to-morrow'. . . . But he dared not finish the sentence.

"What a joy for Aldona! Now she thought that Walter would change; he will be quiet

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and gay, for he seemed now to be less melancholy, his look was more lively, and a fresh and ruddy colour rose upon his pale cheeks. Walter spent the whole evening with Aldona. Having for a moment relieved his mind of the painful thoughts of his country, he forgot its foes and all the horrors of war, and now spoke only of his former happy days, of his coming to Lithuania, his first conversation with Aldona, their first walk in the valley, their first love, and all its minutest occurrences, which, however trifling, are deeply engraved upon the hearts of lovers. But why did he interrupt this pleasing entertainment with the word 'to-morrow?' Again he became pensive, looked at his wife, and tears glittered in his eyes,—he would reveal something, but he dared not. Did he awake his former feelings, and the memory of his past happiness, only to forsake them for ever? Shall all the words and all the caresses of this evening be but the last flash of the torch of love? Aldona would ask him in vain; she looked at him, waited for some time in the most painful suspense, and at last she left his presence, longing, however, to penetrate his mysterious conduct. Walter poured out wine, emptied cup after cup,

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and bade the old Waydelote remain with him all night.

" Scarcely had the sun risen, when the trampling of horses' hoofs resounded upon the pavement. Two warriors hastened towards the mountains. They have deceived all the guards but one;—watchful is the eye of her that loves! Aldona guessed her husband's flight, ran across the hills to the valley, and surprised him there. Painful was that meeting. 'Return home, dear love,' said Walter, 'thou mayst yet be happy, —thou *shalt* be happy in the bosom of thy kindred; being young and beautiful, thou wilt soon find consolation, and forget present griefs. Many princes have sought thy hand; now thou art free,—thou art the widow of a man, who, for the good of his country, has greatly renounced all, even thee. Farewell! Forget me, yet drop a tear sometimes to my memory. Walter has lost every thing,—Walter is left alone, like the wind in a wilderness. Now he is obliged to wander in the world, betray, murder, and at last die an ignominious death. But, after many years have passed, the name of Alf will resound anew in Lithuania, and thou wilt hear some day of his exploits from the lips of Waydelotes.

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Then, my beloved, thou shalt remember that that terrible warrior, covered with a cloud of mysteries, and known only to thyself, was thy husband; and then, let the feeling of pride be thy consolation.'

"Aldona listened to him in silence, but she was incapable of comprehending what he said. 'Thou goest away;—away!' she exclaimed at last, and shuddered at the word '*away*.' That word struck her with terror,—that word alone sounded in her ears. She could not collect her ideas, nor call any thing to her memory; for her thoughts, her remembrances, her future destiny, all formed but a chaos in her mind. Her heart told her it was impossible to return into the world and forget .... Her wandering eyes several times met Walter's wild look; but in that look she could not find any further consolation. She rolled her eyes around, and seemed to look for some new object; nothing but a wilderness and forests lay around her. Yet far off in the middle of the forest, on the other side of the Niemen, she perceived a glittering spire. It was a sad building of Christians, a monastery of nuns. Upon that spire Aldona fixed her eyes and thoughts, as a dove, when driven by a

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storm over the depths of the ocean, clings to the mast of an unknown vessel. Walter understood his wife, and followed her in silence. Afterwards he disclosed to her his plans, enjoining her to keep them secret from the world; and, finally, at the gate .... Alas! dreadful was that separation.

"Alf and the old Waydelote have disappeared, and nothing as yet has been heard of them. But woe to Walter, if he has not yet fulfilled his oath. Woe to him, if, having renounced his own happiness, and destroyed for ever that of Aldona, he has made all these sacrifices in vain .... Futurity will disclose the rest. Germans, I have finished my song."

"Finished? is this the end?" A loud murmur arose in the hall. "And what became of Walter?" was the cry on all sides, "What are his deeds? Where, on whom, was he to take his revenge?" The Grand Master alone, amidst that boisterous assembly, was sitting silent, with his head bent on his breast; yet he seemed to labour under great emotions. From time to time he turned to wine, and quaffed the contents of many a cup.

But soon his countenance visibly changed:

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different feelings, like sudden lightnings, crossed his burning cheeks. The threatening cloud grew thicker on his brow; his lips became livid, and trembled; and his haggard eyes shifted swiftly, like swallows during a tempest. At last, throwing off his mantle, he rushed to the middle of the hall. "What is the end of the song?" exclaimed he, "Instantly sing the end, or give me thy lute. Why dost thou stand trembling? Give me the lute, and fill the cups. I will sing the end, if thou art afraid.

"I know you Waydelotes. Each of your songs, like the howling of dogs at night, is a harbinger of some misfortune. You like to sing of murders and devastations, and you leave us nothing but glory and grief. The child is but in the cradle, when your treacherous song, like a serpent, winds round his breast, and pours into his heart the most dreadful venom,—the foolish desire of glory, and love of his native land.

"That song follows its victim everywhere, like the shadow of a killed antagonist; it often appears in the middle of our banqueting, to pour blood into our cups of joy. Oh! I have listened to those songs,—too much alas! 'Tis

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done. I know thee, old fiend; thou hast won! War! Triumph to the poet. Give me wine. Thy projects shall be fulfilled.

"I know the end of the song. . . . No, I will sing another. When I fought in Castile's mountains, the Moors taught me a ballad. Old man, strike the tune, that old tune which, in time of yore, in yonder valley . . . . O! it was a happy time. I was always wont to sing that air . . . Come away, old man, for, by all the gods, German, Prussian . . . . . ." The old man approached. He struck the strings of his lute, and, with an uncertain and trembling voice, followed the wild tones of Conrad, like a slave that follows his angry master.

In the mean time, the lights on the table began to go out, and the warriors, wearied by a prolonged banquet, had almost fallen asleep. But Conrad's singing awoke them; they stood up, and, forming a close circle around him, attentively listened to every word of his song.

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BALLAD.

ALPUHARA.

Low lie the forts of the vanquished Moor;
He groans 'neath the chains of the conqueror.
Grenada's regal citadel
Fiercely beleaguered, holds out still,
But the plague is raging there.

In Alpuhara's towers, a band
With the brave Almanzor still keep their stand;
But the Spanish colours wave below,
And by dawn of day, the leaguering foe
For a last assault prepare.

At sunrise the cannons bombard the town,
The ramparts give way, the walls fall down;
Already the cross of Spain is set
High on each Moorish minaret—
The castle is forced and won.

When Almanzor sees his warriors fall
Slaughtered around him, one and all—
Forcing his way through the thickest fight,
Where lances gleam, and swords flash bright,
He dashes past, and is gone.

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On the smoking ruins where corses lie
Heap'd on ashes and rubbish confusedly,
The conquering Spaniards a feast prepare,
The prisoners divide, and the booty share,
And drunken with wine are they.

Meanwhile announces the guard at the gates,
That without a stranger warrior waits,
Who hath slack'd not rein, and stopp'd not for breath,
Bent on an errand of life and death,
That will not brook delay.

'Tis Almanzor, king of the Moorish race—
He hath quitted his secret lurking place,
To yield up the sword he hath saved in strife,
And the only boon he craves is life—
Thus he cries as he bows him down.

"Spaniards! I seek your threshold's sod,
To believe your prophets, and serve your God;
Let earth hear and note, that a royal Moor
Swears brotherhood with his conqueror,
And will wear a vassal crown."

When the Spaniards the valiant Almanzor see,
(For they know how to honour bravery,)
The chief salutes him, while the rest
Hasten to greet as an honoured guest
A foe so daring shewn.

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In turn doth Almanzor each knight embrace,
But the chief with a twofold tenderness;
He grasp'd his hands, to his bosom clung,
And again upon his lips he hung,
As tho' they were glued to his own.

But lo! of a sudden, his limbs 'gin to reel,
He trembles, he staggers, his senses fail,
But his clinging hands retain their hold,
To the feet of the Spaniard his turban fold,
And struggle to grasp him still.

Wildly around him he glares. Amaze and fear
Have seized on the heart of each reveller;
Ghastly blue are his lips, a fiendish smile
Writhes them convulsively, the while
With blood his eyeballs fill.

"I am yellow, I'm blue," he cries, "beware!
Know you of what I am harbinger?
From Grenada's plague-struck walls I come,
My fatal embraces have sealed your doom:
Look on—'tis thus you die!"

He falls to the earth—he roars in pain—
He writhes his arms, as if to strain
In the close embrace of eternity
All his foes to his breast—with the mocking glee
Of a fiend he laughs awry.

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He laughs—he dies—but each ghastly lid,
And the livid lips were still opened;
And the mocking smile upon his face,
In unextinguishable trace,
Froze there with his dying breath.

In terror the Spaniards forsook the town,
But the pest had marked them for its own:
'Ere they quitted Alpuhara's heights,
Spain's goodly army of gallant knights
Lay cold in the grasp of death.

"Such, in time of yore," continued Conrad, "was the vengeance of the Moors; and do you wish to know how the Lithuanian will revenge? He may, some day, fulfil his promise, and come to mix poison with wine. . . . . But no, oh no! —Now we see different manners, Prince Witold; now the Lithuanian lords themselves come and surrender to us their own country, asking revenge against their oppressed people. Not such, however, are all;—oh no, by Perun! There are still in Lithuania men who . . . . I will give you another song of . . . . No!—away with this lute; a string is broken!—No more songs to-night,—but I hope there will be on some future day . . . . To-day I have drunk

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too much .... But 'tis no matter,—make merry, and enjoy yourselves. And thou, Al . . . . manzor,—go away, old man,—away with Halban—Let me be alone."—

He said; and, with unsteady steps, having reached his seat, he threw himself into the chair. He still uttered some indistinct threats, and, stamping violently with his foot, overturned the table with the cups and wines. At last his force forsook him; he reclined his head upon his chair, his look grew more languid, foam covered his trembling lips, and he fell asleep.

The knights remained amazed for a while. They knew Conrad's fatal habit; they knew that, when heated with wine, he became almost unconscious of his acts, and launched into wild sallies. But at a public feast, and in the presence of strangers, what a disgrace thus to display his disreputable feebleness!—Who has excited him? Where is that Waydelote? He has escaped unseen from the crowd, and nobody knows anything of him,

It was rumoured that it was Halban, disguised as a minstrel, that gave to Conrad a Lithuanian song, by which he spurred the Christian warriors to fight the Pagans. But whence that sudden

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change in Conrad? Why did Witold fly into such a passion? What is the meaning of that strange ballad of the Grand Master? All strive to penetrate the mystery, but in vain.

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V.

THE WAR.

WAR! No longer could Conrad restrain the people's ardour, and the urgent entreaties of the Council. The whole country called for vengeance on the Lithuanians, and for the punishment of Witold's treachery.

Witold, who had come to crave succours from the Order to regain Wilno, the capital of Lithuania, being informed, after the feast, that the Germans were resolved to go into the field without delay, changed his mind, betrayed his new friends, and secretly withdrew along with his followers. By the help of a forged mandate bearing the name of the Grand Master, he entered all the castles of the Teutones which lay on his way, and then, disarming the garrisons, put all to fire and sword.

Roused by shame and rage, the Order resolved

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upon a bloody crusade against the Infidels. The Pope issued his thundering bull; and soon, by sea and land, there poured forth innumerable swarms of combatants,—mighty Princes with their liegemen. All bore a red cross upon their arms, and each of them swore to devote his life to the task of converting, or exterminating, the Pagans.

They marched to Lithuania, tracking their way with bloody deeds. Every day, when the sun was setting, the vaulted sky over Lithuania was covered with volumes of flames; and thus pointed out the presence of the sanguinary hosts. Oh, how dreadful are the scenes of an invasive war! Murder, pillage, conflagration, are perpetrated with reckless indifference, and even with a boastfulness which is cheered by a throng of fools, but in which a wise man hears but a voice calling on God for revenge.

The winds carried the flames throughout Lithuania, and the invaders soon extended their ravages into the heart of the country. It was reported that they already besieged Kovno and Wilno, but nothing more was known; for the usual news and messengers ceased to arrive from the army. Fires no more appeared near the

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frontiers; yet, far off, the sky was still reddened by a flaming reflection. In vain did the Prussians look out for booty and captives from the conquered country; in vain did they send numerous couriers for news of the army; the couriers went in haste, but none of them returned. The painful uncertainty was explained by every one according to his own fancy; and thus, in a tormenting perplexity, they longed for any conclusion, however dismal it might be.

The autumn had passed,—the winter-storms roared among the mountains, filling up the roads with heaps of snow,—and the distant sky reflected again an unusual brightness. Was it the evening twilight? No;—the dark sky reddened nearer and nearer, till at last flames came in sight. These are the flames of destructive war!

"They come, they come!" cried out the anxious people of Marienburg, who watchfully were looking out to the road leading towards Lithuania,—and some travellers wading through masses of snow approached the walls. "What? Conrad? and our chief warriors? How shall we greet them? as conquerors, or fugitives? Where is the army?" Conrad, lifting up his

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hand, pointed out to the scattered bands that followed him. Alas! the very sight of them indicated all possible disasters. They ran in confusion and were drowned in the masses of snow; they thronged, pressed down, and trampled upon each other, like reptiles shut up in a narrow vessel and perishing together: they climbed up the corpses of their brethren, till new throngs falling headlong upon them, hurried them down into the abyss. Some strove still to move their benumbed limbs, and dragged themselves on; others, frozen in their course, were fixed in the road, and their corpses, with their hands pointing to the town, remained standing like so many milestones.

The people rushed out from the town. Anxious but dismayed, they did not dare inquire further, lest their forebodings might be true; for in the countenances of their chiefs, they already saw all the horrors of that fatal expedition. The harpies of famine devoured their cheeks, and threatening death hung upon their eyes. Thus the terrified people saw nothing, heard of nothing, but horrors and desolation: on one side they heard the sound of the trumpet of the pursuing Lithuanians, and the

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roaring storm which rolled across the plain new heaps of snow; on another, a herd of famishing dogs that filled the air with their howlings; and, above their heads, they saw a swarm of hovering ravens!

All was lost; Conrad had lost all. He, who by his arms had gained so much glory, and whose prudence had been so much renowned,—he, in his last war, fainthearted, neglectful, did not even perceive Witold's treacherous snares. Deceived by the cunning enemy, and blinded by his thirst of revenge, Conrad drove at last his army into the Lithuanian deserts; but why had he besieged Wilno so long and so carelessly?

When all the stores and provisions had been squandered;—when famine already began to ravage the German camp, and the enemy, scattered around, prevented all assistance, cut off the convoys, and destroyed all approaching succours, thus causing the Germans to perish miserably by hundreds each day,—it was then time either to end the war by one bold assault, or to effectuate an early retreat. But no; at that moment Conrad, quiet and confiding, diverted himself with sports, or, shut up in his tent, meditated his plans secretly, without once

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admitting to council any of his chief officers.

So much was his soul unmanned, and his martial ardour chilled, that, instead of drawing his sword for the defence of his suffering people, he, unmoved by their tears, would, with crossed arms, spend whole days in listless thought, or in converse with Halban.

In the mean time winter came, and covered the country with mountains of snow. Then Witold, assembling fresh troops, surrounded the Germans, attacked, and ravaged their camp. O! what a disgrace to the annals of the Order! The Grand Master fled first from the battle-field, and, instead of laurels and expected booty, brought the intelligence of the victory of the Lithuanians.

Ye, who saw him march at the head of that army of skeletons on their return home, did you not observe the deep sorrow clouding his brow, and the worm of grief lurking in his countenance? Yes, Conrad had suffered too. But if you looked more nearly at him, you saw how his large half-opened eye darted sinister and ambiguous glances, like a comet threatening bloody wars,—and how it changed at every moment, like the lambent flames with which

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evil spirits deceive travellers;—it shone with a satanic expression, uniting at once joy and rage.

The people trembled and murmured. Conrad cared little for all; yet he convoked the discontented warriors. Then he moved boldly, cast a commanding look over the assembly, and spoke. Oh shame! They attentively listened to him, and believed his words. In the faults of the man, they saw the judgment of God. And no wonder,—for who is free from being overawed by terror!

But hark, thou haughty ruler! severe justice will reach even thee. There is at Marienburg a subterraneous cavern; there, when the darkness of night has spread over the town, met a secret tribunal. A dim lamp fastened to the vault shed its trembling light day and night; twelve chairs formed a semi-circle before the throne, upon which lay the secret book of laws. Twelve judges took their seats. Each of them clad in black armour, had a sword at his side, a dagger in his hand, and a mask upon his face. The cavern concealed them from the world, and the masks from each other.

All of them willingly and unanimously swore

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to punish their mighty chiefs for their crimes—as well those notorious as those unknown to the world. When they passed their sentence, there was no mercy for the condemned, were he their own brother. Every one was bound to fulfil the doom, either by open force or stratagem.

One of the masked men approached the throne, and, lifting up his sword before the book of the order, said: "Awful judges! Our suspicion was not groundless, and now is confirmed by proofs. He who bears the name of Conrad Wallenrod, is not *Wallenrod*. Who he really is, we do not know as yet. All that we know of him is, that about twelve years ago he came, nobody knows whence, to the provinces bordering upon the Rhine. When the Count Wallenrod went to Palestine, he was one of his suite, and wore the dress of a yeoman of his guard. A short time afterwards the Count Wallenrod mysteriously disappeared. That yeoman, suspected of having killed his master, secretly left Palestine, and appeared on the coasts of Spain. There he gave proof of his valour in all the battles that were fought with the Moors, gained many a prize at tournaments, and soon became everywhere renowned under

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the name of Wallenrod. Finally, he took the sacred vows, and became the Grand Master, only to accomplish the destruction of the Order.

"How he has ruled, you all know but well. Last winter, when we had to contend with frost, hunger, and the enemy, Conrad, indifferent to all our sufferings, would ride alone to the forest, where he secretly conferred with Witold. My spies have been for a long time watching his actions. Last night they lay in wait under the old tower, and heard him speak with the Recluse;—they could not understand the conversation, but, Mighty Judges, they heard well that he spoke the Lithuanian language!

"Therefore, considering what we have lately heard of that man through the agency of the secret tribunals;—what my spies now report, and public rumour confirms,—Mighty Judges, I bring against our Grand Master the charge of perjury, murder, heresy, and treason."

The accuser now knelt down before the book of the Order, and, lifting his hand to the crucifix, swore by God and the Saviour's sufferings, to the truth of his charges.

He then remained silent. The judges scrutinized the cause; but there were neither de-

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bates nor consultations. All were silent;—occasionally a glance of eye or a nod of the head betrayed only some profound and threatening thought. Each of them in his turn approached the throne, and, turning over with his dagger the leaves of the book, read in silence the statutes of the Order, and consulted but his own conscience. Afterwards they all put their hands upon their hearts and unanimously exclaimed, "Woe!" and the walls thrice echoed "Woe!

In this single word was the whole sentence. The judges understood it;—they lifted up their twelve swords, all intended to be against the breast of Conrad;—then they separated;—and the vaults once again repeated, "Woe!"

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VI.

THE FAREWELL.

It was a wintry morn, and a sweeping blast was driving forth sleet and snow. Amidst the blinding shower, Wallenrod hastened towards the lake. No sooner did he reach the tower than he began to strike its old walls with his sword, and cried, "Aldona, we shall live yet! thy beloved returns after having fulfilled his vows:—they have perished."

THE RECLUSE.

"Alf! 'tis his voice! My own dear Alf, tell me, is the peace made? dost thou return safe? and wilt thou not leave me again?"

CONRAD.

"Oh, for the love of God, do not ask me! Listen, my dearest, listen, and reflect on what

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I am telling;—they have perished. Behold those flames,—dost thou see them? These are the deeds of the Lithuanians who lay waste the land of the Germans. In a hundred years the Order will not heal its wounds. I have struck the heart of the hundred-headed monster; their treasures—sources of their power—are exhausted, their cities burned down, and their blood flows in torrents;—and all this is my doing. I have fulfilled my oath; hell itself could not invent a more dreadful vengeance. I do not wish more, for I am but man. My youth has been spent between hateful deceit and inhuman slaughter; now, bent by age, I am tired of treasons, and no longer fit for battles. I have had enough of revenge,—Germans are also men. God has enlightened me. I was in Lithuania, and saw all the well-known spots;—I saw thy castle, the castle of Kovno; it is but one heap of ruins. I turned away my eyes, and spurred my charger to our own valley. All is as before! the same wood, and the same flowers;—all is still as it was on that evening, many years since, when we bade farewell to our valley for the last time. Ah! it seemed to me as if it were but last night. That stone,—dost thou remember that huge

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stone which formerly used to be the limit of our walks?—it is still there, but all covered with moss,—it was barely visible from amongst the weeds by which it was surrounded; I have torn out the weeds, and washed it with my tears. The seat of turf, where, in summer evenings, thou delightedst to rest among the ash-trees,—the spring from which I used to draw water for thee,—all these I have found and examined; even the little orchard that I had hedged with dry willows, is still in existence. Those willows, once stuck into dry ground with my own hands,—Aldona, thou wouldst be astonished to see them; they have grown up into beautiful trees, covered with verdure and bloom. At that sight, an unknown consolation, a foretaste of happiness, animated my heart. I fell on my knees, and, embracing the willows, 'O my God!' exclaimed I, 'may my presentiment be fulfilled,—may we return to the land of our fathers, and there begin a new life,—and may our past sufferings be decked with flowers of hope.'

"Yes! let us return. I have power in the Order; I will make the tower open,—nay, if this gate were a thousand times harder than steel, I will force it; I will break it myself.

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Thither, towards our valley, I will take thee,—thither, my love, I will carry thee in my arms; or we will go further. There are in Lithuania some desert spots,—there are solitary glades in the forest of Bialovieza, where neither the clashing of arms, nor the brutal joy of a proud conqueror, nor the groans of the vanquished, reach the ear. There, in a quiet lonely cot, beside thee, on thy bosom, I shall forget that there are nations in the world,—that there is even a world at all. We shall live but for each other. Come, say a word, I entreat thee."

Conrad in silence waited for an answer;—Aldona replied not. Meanwhile, a bloody streak of the approaching dawn appeared in the skies. "Aldona, by Heaven! the morning will surprise us; the people will awake, and the watch will perceive me. Aldona!" cried he, trembling with impatience,—and, his voice failing him at last, he implored her with his eyes; stretching his arms towards her, he fell on his knees, and, begging her for pity, he clasped and kissed the cold walls of the tower.

"No, 'tis too late," said she, with a sad but calm voice, "God will give me strength, and shelter me against this last trial. On entering

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this place, I swore on the threshold never to leave it but for the grave. Long have I been struggling with myself,—now thou comest, my beloved, and temptest me to revolt against God. Thou wishest to bring me back to the world . . . whom? a wretched phantom. . . . Think, ah! think only, if, yielding to thy entreaties, I were mad enough to leave these walls to go and throw myself with delight into thy arms,—and thou wouldst not recognise me,—wouldst not embrace me,—but, turning away thy sight, wouldst ask with disgust, 'is this frightful ghost my Aldona?' In vain wouldst thou seek in my dimmed eye, and on my cheeks, which now . . . . Oh! the very thought of it makes me shrink;—no, never let the wretchedness of the recluse disfigure the features of the beautiful Aldona. I myself, I confess,—pardon me, my beloved,—but as often as the moon is shedding a bright light, and I hear thy voice, I conceal myself within the walls, lest I might see thee better. Thou too, perhaps, art no more what thou wert many years since, thou rememberst, when thou arrivedst at the castle with our warriors. But in my heart, thy first image has been preserved; thou hast still the same eyes, features, dress,

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and gait; as a beauteous butterfly, when immersed in amber, retains for ever its shining appearance.

"Alf, it would be better for us to remain such as we were of yore, and as we shall be when united again, but not in this world.

"Let us leave the blooming valleys to those who are happier. I like my solitude within these walls,—I wish no other happiness than to see thee living, and to hear thy sweet voice every night. But even here, dear Alf, our sufferings can be alleviated. Give up thy treasons and murders, and try to visit me oftener, and at an earlier hour. Listen! if thou wouldst plant around this plain a shrubbery similar to ours;—if thou wouldst bring down some of those charming willows and flowers, and even that stone from the glen;—and then let the children from the neighbouring village play sometimes among our native trees, plait garlands of our flowers, and repeat now and then Lithuanian songs. A native tune makes me muse and dream of Lithuania and thee."

Alf did not listen any longer to what she was saying. He, without any aim, thought, or desire, was already wandering along the desert

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banks of the lake. Here it was a snowy hill, there a wilderness that attracted him; among wild scenery, and in the rapidity of his course, he found both relief and fatigue. In the midst of the wintry blast he felt heavy and oppressed; he threw off his mantle, his armour, and all that weighed on his bosom—except his grief.

At morning's dawn he approached the ramparts of the town, when he perceived some shadow; he stopped,—he watched. The phantom, gliding over the snowy plain with rapid steps, disappeared behind the walls; only a voice was heard uttering, "*woe! woe! woe!*"

Alf was roused by this sound, and stood astonished; he considered for a while, and knew what it meant. He drew his sword, and looked around with an anxious eye; all was desolate around him, only a roaring blast from the north was driving the snow in heaps over the fields. He looked towards the banks of the lake, a tear started in his eye, and he stood overpowered by emotions; at last, slow and staggering, he bent his steps towards the tower of Aldona.

His eye caught her from afar; she was still at her window. "Good morning!" exclaimed he, "for so many years we had seen each other but

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at night,—now *good morning!* What a pleasant omen,—the first good morning after so many years! Dost thou know why I have come so early? Guess."

ALDONA.

"I will not guess. Farewell, my friend, 'tis day; if thou wert perceived . . . . Cease to persuade me. Adieu! till we meet again this evening;—I neither can nor will leave this tower."

ALF.

"It is too late! Knowest thou what I ask for?—Throw down some little flower,—no, thou hast no flowers,—then give me a thread of thy garment, or the band of thy hair, or a little stone from the wall of thy tower; I must have it to-day, for not every one will see *to-morrow*. I wish to have, as a remembrance, some gift that has been pressed to-day to thy bosom, and on which a fresh tear is still burning. I will place it near my heart, and breathe my last upon it. I am to perish soon and suddenly; let us die together. Dost thou observe the nearest bastion? there I will dwell. As a sign,

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I will hang out, every morning, a black scarf; and I will light, in the evening, a lamp in the window. Thither turn thy sight,—if the black pennon is dropped, or the lamp is extinguished, then shut thy window, I shall return no more. —Farewell!" He left her, and disappeared. Aldona, leaning on the grate, continued to look at the ramparts. The morning and day passed away, the sun was setting, and her tresses were still seen floating in the breeze, and her arms stretched out from the window.

"It is set at last," said Alf to Halban, pointing out to the last beams of the setting sun, from the window of the bastion, where, shut up from the day, he had been gazing at the tower of the Recluse.

"Give me my mantle and sword.—Farewell, faithful servant! I shall go to the tower.—Farewell for a long time, perhaps for ever.—Listen, Halban! if by to-morrow at day-break I return not, leave this dwelling. I would yet intrust one thing to thee.—Oh, how lonely I feel! On earth and in heaven I have not one being to speak to in my last hour, except her

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and thee. Farewell, Halban!—Yes, she will understand it;—thou wilt drop this scarf from the window, if to-morrow morning .... But what is this,—dost thou hear? A knocking at the gate."

"Who is there?" thrice repeated the guard. —"Woe!" shouted many wild voices. The guard could not resist, and the gate fell down under heavy blows. Soon the assailants penetrated the lower galleries, and the noise of steps and the clashing of arms already resounded upon the iron winding stairs which led to Conrad's habitation. Having bolted the door, he drew his sword, took up a cup from the table, and, stepping to the window,—"'tis done," said he, as he filled the cup, and drank its contents. —"Old man, it is thy turn." Halban grew pale; he seemed desirous, with a blow of his hand, to knock down the fatal draught, but he stopped and reflected a moment. The noise approached the door,—he dropped his hand;—"It is they,—they have come!"

"Old man, dost thou not know what this noise means? Why dost thou hesitate?—the cup is filled;—I have drunk;—now is thy turn."

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"No;—I will survive thee, my son," said Halban, with a look of despair, "I will remain to close thy eyes, to record to the world the glory of thy deed, and to preserve it to posterity. I will traverse all the towns, castles, and villages throughout Lithuania; where I cannot go, thither my song shall reach. Bards will sing it in the camp to the warriors, and women at home to their children; and some future day that song will produce another avenger of the blood of his ancestors." With eyes full of tears, Alf leant against the bar of the window, and fixed his anxious look upon the tower; as if he wished yet to feast his eye with the beloved view, which he was about to lose for ever. He clasped Halban in his arms, and their sighs were blended in the last, long, and mute embrace.

Now the clang of steel was heard at the door; the bolts burst, the assailants rushed in, and called Alf by his name. "Traitor! thy head shall fall to day under the axe; repent of thy sins, and prepare for death. Here is the old chaplain of the Order; purify thy soul and die at least like a Christian."

Sword in hand Alf waited for the encounter;

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but he grew pale and weak; he staggered, leaned against the wall, and, rolling around a bold and threatening look, he tore off his mantle, threw down his badge of Grand Master, and, trampling them under his feet with a scornful smile, "Behold the sins of my life," he exclaimed, "I am ready to die; what do you wish more?—if an account of my office, look at the thousands of your brethren who perished under my command,—look at your towns in ruins,—your villages in flames,—and dreadful desolation throughout the country! Do you hear the roaring wind?—it drives the clouds of snow where the remains of your army are still perishing. Do you hear the howling of the famished dogs?—they strive for the remnants of that repast.

"It was *I* who did it! oh! how great and proud I am!—so many heads of the hydra I cut off with one blow;—like Samson, who, with one shake of the pillar, crumbled the whole building, and was himself buried in its ruins."

Thus he spoke;—once again did he cast his look through the window, and fell senseless to the ground. But before falling, he pushed down the lamp which shone above the window, and

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which now, rolling down with its faint light, lay before Conrad's brow. In the spilt fluid glimmered still the expiring flame, but it gradually lowered and darkened; at last, as if to give a signal of death, it spread a last flash into a large circle, and exhibited the dim and lifeless eye of Alf;—then the light disappeared.

In the same moment a sudden shriek pierced the walls of the tower; it was a strong, thrilling, prolonged, and broken cry. From whose breast did it proceed? You know well. But whoever heard it, would have easily perceived, that a breast which has produced such a groan, will never more utter voice. In that groan was comprised the whole life.

Thus the strings of a lute resound and break under a violent stroke; their mingled sounds seem to announce the prelude of a melodious strain, but no one will hear the end of it.

Such is my song on the fate of Aldona;—let the angel of harmony finish it in heaven, and the feeling hearer within his own soul.

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NOTES.

This poem is called historical, because the principal characters and events are taken from history. According to historians, Conrad Wallenrod was not a lineal descendant of the noble and renowned family of Wallenrod, although he pretended to be one of its members. He probably was from an illegitimate branch of the house. The Chronicle of Königsberg, (in the library of Wallenrod), says, "he was the son of a priest." We have different and even contradictory traditions on the character of that extraordinary man. Most writers reproach him with pride, cruelty, drunkenness, oppression of his dependants, want of zeal for the faith, and even hatred of the clergy. Others say, that he possessed greatness of soul and valour, and was of a noble and firm character. Indeed, there is no

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doubt that, without great qualities, he could not have maintained his power, considering the general dislike in which he was held, and the calamities which he drew upon the Order. Let us, however, observe the conduct of Wallenrod. When he took the government of the Order, there was the best opportunity to make war on Lithuania; for Witold, a Lithuanian Prince, promised to lead the Germans against Wilno, and to reward their assistance. Wallenrod postponed hostilities from day to day; and, what was still worse, he at first offended Witold, and afterwards reposed in him an imprudent degree of confidence. Prince Witold, having become secretly reconciled to his cousin Iagello, not only left Prussia with his followers, but on his way to Lithuania, as an ally of the Order, entered the castles of the Germans, and put all to sword and fire. In such unfavourable circumstances, it was necessary for Conrad either not to begin the war, or when begun, to conduct it with all prudence and caution. The Grand Master then proclaimed a Crusade; squandered the treasures of the Order (five millions of marks, an immense sum in that age) in making preparations for war, and marched with the army against Lithuania. He might

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have taken Wilno, if he had not wasted his time in banqueting, and in waiting for unnecessary reinforcements. Autumn came. Wallenrod, having left the camp without provisions, and in the greatest disorder, retired to Prussia. The historians of that epoch, and of later times, could not find reason for the sudden departure of Wallenrod from the army. Some ascribed his flight to alienation of mind. All these contradictions in the character of our hero are easily explained, if we suppose him to be a Lithuanian, and that he entered the Order only with the view of avenging the wrongs of his country;—and certainly his administration gave a most fatal blow to the power of those Crusaders. It is supposed that Wallenrod was the same Walter Stadion who married Keystut's daughter and left Lithuania. Wallenrod died suddenly in the year 1394. Extraordinary events, according to the historians of that time, accompanied his death. "He died insane," says the Chronicle, "without extreme unction and benediction. Shortly before his death, there were dreadful storms, rains, and inundations. The Vistula and the Nogate broke their banks, and hollowed a new bed, near the place where now the town

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of *Pilau* stands." Halban, or as he is named in the Chronicles, *Leander von Albanus*, a monk, and the sole and inseparable companion of Wallenrod, in spite of his pretended piety, was, according to the Chronicle, "a heretic, a pagan, and perhaps even a sorcerer." The manner of his death is unknown. Some say that he "drowned himself;" others, that he "secretly fled away," or that "the devil carried him off."

P. 1, *l.* 1.

"——— *the Knights of the Cross.*"

The Order of the Teutonic Knights of St. Mary, (called also the Knights Hospitallers,) was founded in Palestine about the year 1190.

The Germans who accompanied Frederic Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, to the Crusades in 1188, being left by his death without a Commander, were at length formed by Henry, King of Jerusalem, into a religious and martial order, called the Knights of St. George. This title was afterwards changed to Knights of St. Mary. In the year 1191, Pope Celestine III. granted a bull, addressed to them under the title of the Teutonic Knights of the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin.

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They were commonly called the Knights of the Cross, or Croises, from the black cross that each of them wore on his breast. Their vows were to defend the Christian religion, and promulgate it to the utmost extent of their power. About the year 1230, Conrad, the Duke of Mazovia, not being able to repel the continual inroads of the Prussians into his territory, invited the Teutonic Knights, who had about that time retreated from Palestine to Venice, to assist him, as a Christian Prince, against the Pagans. Accordingly, the Pope Gregory IX., proclaimed a Crusade against the Pagan Prussians; and Herman de Saltza, the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, who had transported the seat of his Order from Venice to Morgentheim in Wirtemberg, formed an army of expedition, composed of his Germans and the Duke's soldiers, which, under a Chief appointed by the Grand Master, invaded Prussia.

The Duke of Mazovia ceded to the Teutonic Knights the territory near Culm, with the condition, that it should be returned to him, or his heirs, and that the conquered lands should be divided between him and the Order. The Prussians were conquered in about fifty-three years;

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but the Knights, who by this time had grown to a formidable power, far from observing the articles of the treaty entered into with Duke Conrad, seized, in 1310, the town of Dantzic, belonging to Poland, and soon became redoubtable enemies not only to the Pagans but to the neighbouring Christian nations. All historians of that epoch charge the Teutonic Order with ambition, avarice, cruelty, and want of true zeal for the Christian faith. The bishops complained to the Pope, that the Croises prevented them from converting Pagans—that they seized upon the property of the Church, and oppressed the clergy. One of the chroniclers, Johannes Witoduranus, although a German himself, speaking of the Teutonic Order, says that the Croises, having established their power in Prussia, invaded afterwards the territory of the Lithuanians, and took by force a large portion of it. The king of the Lithuanians, anxious to regain his property, promised the Teutones to accept the Christian religion, provided that they restored to him what they had taken from him by force; which, however, they positively refused. Hearing this, the king exclaimed with indignation, " I see now that

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you do not care for your religion, but for money; therefore will I remain in Paganism." Thus the Order preferred to keep the Pagans in idolatry, and extort a tribute from them, than to allow them to receive baptism, which they demanded, and free them from the oppressive impost. After the capture of Dantzic the Knights of the Cross began to make farther encroachments on the Polish territory, till they were beaten by Vladislaus the Short, king of Poland, in the battle of *Plovce*, in 1321. The loss they sustained was serious, but they began to rally, and, towards the end of the fourteenth century, Conrad Wallenrod, their Grand Master, allured the flower of German chivalry to his standard by the treasures of the Order, with the hope of conquering Lithuania. The campaign was however unsuccessful. The death-blow which the insolence of these monastic knights received was struck in 1410. The Grand Master, having gathered an army of about 150,000 men, refused to appear as vassal of the Polish crown, in *Cracow*, at the baptism and marriage of Vladislaus Iagello, the Duke of Lithuania, who by his union with Hedwiga, Queen of Poland, reigned over both countries.

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The two hostile armies met at *Tannenburg* in Prussia, where 4000 Germans, with their Grand Master, were killed, and 14,000 taken prisoners. From this period the Order gradually decayed, till 1525, when Albert, elector of Brandeburg, being then Grand Master, became a Lutheran, and received from Sigismond, King of Poland, a part of Prussia, in vassalage, as a Duchy, from which rose the present kingdom of Prussia. For farther particulars see History of Prussia by Voigt, Professor in Königsberg. —*N. T.**

P. 1, *l.* 3.

"*The* PRUSSIAN *had already bent his neck to the iron yoke.*"

That part of Prussia situated between the Vistula and the Niemen, the Baltic Sea and the river Drwentza, was inhabited, till the 13th century, by a people of the same origin as the Lithuanians. Between the Prussians and the

* The Notes marked *N. T.* have been added by the Translator.

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Lithuanians there was no difference but in name; they lived like one nation, their manners, language, and religion being the same. Boleslaus the Great, King of Poland, enraged at the murder of the two Sclavonic bishops, St. Adalbertus and St. Bruno, who had intended to convert that people to Christianity, entered Prussia, in the 10th century, with an army, laid waste the few towns which it contained, imposed upon the vanquished an annual tribute, and forced them to accept the Christian religion. Under the successors of Boleslaus the Great, the Prussians, trusting to the natural strength of their country, which was one tract of marshes and impenetrable forests, revolted repeatedly, though with little success, till at last, in one of their sudden insurrections, they gained a victory over the Polish army in the year 1167. From that time their inroads into Poland became more and more frequent, till at last Conrad the Duke of Mazovia, seeing his territory so much exposed to their depredations, appealed for assistance to the Teutonic Knights, by whom the Prussians were entirely conquered, after a long and bloody struggle.—*N. T.*

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P. 1, *l.* 8.

"*The* NIEMEN *separates the Lithuanians.*"

The *Niemen*, (Chronus,) the largest river in Lithuania, rises a few miles from the town of *Minsk*, and falls into the *Kurisch-Haff*, a bay on the Baltic Sea.—*N. T.*

P. 1, *l.* 11.

"——— *the dwellings of the Gods.*"

The usual places of worship of the pagan Prussians and Lithuanians, were oaks of very large dimension, in the midst of dense forests. The largest of these oaks in Prussia, under the immediate guard of the High Priest, *Kreeve Kreveytos*, (Judge of the Judges,) was near a place called Romove, and was the temple of their three principal deities. In one part of the oak was the image of *Perkunas*, or *Perun*, the god of thunder, in another part stood the god *Potrympos*, whose image was represented by a brazen serpent; while in the third part was worshipped the god *Patello*, or, as some chroniclers call him, *Pikollos*.—*N. T.*

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P. 1, *l.* 15.

"——— *all* PALEMON'S *inheritance.*"

Some historians consider *Palemon* as the first chief of the Lithuanians, and founder of that duchy. He was a Roman nobleman, who, in the year 460, at the head of some Roman families, disgusted to see their country laid waste by Attila, left Italy, and from the Baltic Sea landed in Samogitia. Afterwards, proceeding along the river *Niemen*, those emigrants arrived in Lithuania, and there made their settlements. The natives, seeing in Palemon superior qualities, made him their chief, and gave him the government of their country.—*N. T.*

P. 2, *l.* 16.

"*And the nightingales of* KOVNO'S *bowers.*"

Kovno, a town in Lithuania, on the river Niemen. Two miles from this town, there is among the mountains a beautiful valley, which is called "*Josephat's Valley*," through which flows a winding stream. This is one of the finest spots in Lithuania.—*N. T.*

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P. 3, *l.* 7.

"——— *in the song of the* WAYDELOTE."

The Waydelotes, Sigonotes, or Lingustones, were the priests whose duty was to sing or relate to the people the deeds of their ancestors at all festivities, and especially at the autumnal sacrifice of the he-goat. The immense number of old songs which have been preserved to our days among the people, and the accounts of historians, prove to us that the ancient Lithuanians and Prussians were fond of, and cultivated poetry. We read in Stryikowski's chronicle, that, at the funeral of Lithuanian princes, a priest celebrated their deeds in a song; and that in the times of Miechowita, they repeated a song of Prince Sigismund, who was killed by the Russians; but the most curious and important particulars on that subject are to be found in a German work, "*Versuch einer Geschichte der Hochmeister*, Berlin, 1798," by Becker. The author of that valuable book cites an antique chronicle of Vincent of Mentz, who was the court chaplain of the Grand Master Dusener of Arlberg, and wrote the history of his time (since the year 1346.) Among other particulars, the

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author relates, that at a grand banquet, which took place on the occasion of the election of a new Grand Master, Winrich von Kniprode, a German bard, sang, was highly applauded, and presented with a gold cup. So good a reception of the poet encouraged a Prussian named Rixel, who was present at the banquet. He asked permission to sing in his mother tongue, and extolled the valour and exploits of Waydewut, the first King of the Lithuanians. But as the Grand Master and Knights neither understood nor liked to hear the Lithuanian language, they laughed at the poet, and gave him, as a present, a plateful of nut-shells. The assertions of Kotzebue and Bohusz, that the Lithuanian literature had been rich in heroic and historical poetry, appear not to be without foundation, therefore, although very little of that kind of poesy has reached our times. In Prussia, the Teutonic knights had forbidden, under the penalty of death, all the functionaries, and all those who approached the Court, to use the Lithuanian language; and at the same time they expelled from the country, along with Jews and Gipsies, the Waydelotes, Lithuanian bards, who alone knew the national history, and

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could record it in their songs. In Lithuania also, after the introduction of the Christian religion and Polish language, the ancient priests and their mother tongue fell into contempt. The common people, forced into slavery, and employed only to till the ground, having abandoned their arms, forgot their heroic songs, and preferred to sing elegies and idyls, as more suitable to their actual position. All that remained of their ancient history and heroic poetry, was communicated to the people secretly in their houses, or on festive days, the celebration of which was blended with their former superstitious ceremonies. Simon Grunau, in the 16th century, came by chance to the festival of the he-goat in Prussia, and succeeded in saving his life only by solemnly swearing, before the assembled peasantry, that he would not reveal to any body what he should see or hear. Then, after a performed sacrifice, an old Waydelote began to sing of the exploits of the ancient heroes of Lithuania, intermingling his strains with moral precepts and prayers. Grunau, who well understood the Lithuanian language, declares that he had never expected to hear any thing like the strain from the lips of

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a Lithuanian—such was the beauty of the subject and of the Waydelote's manner of expression.

P. 4, *l.* 1.

"*At the first peal of* MARIENBURG'S *cathedral bells.*"

Marienburg, (Mary's city,) in Polish Malborg, a fortified town, was formerly the capital of the Teutonic knights, but under the reign of Casimir Iagello, King of Poland, was joined to the Polish Republic. The castle of Marienburg, once the residence of the Grand Master, still exists. It is a majestic building, containing several spacious rooms or halls, among which the throne-room, where audiences were generally given, excites the admiration of visitors. It is 176 feet long by 82½ wide; its splendid Gothic vault is supported by a single pillar, which stands in the middle of the room; the floor is inlaid with squares of china of different colours. There are extensive subterraneous vaults designed for the tombs of Grand Masters. Some of these tombs still exist. Professor Voigt of Königsberg a few years ago, published a history of Marienburg, an im-

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portant work for the history of Lithuania and Prussia.

P. 4, *l.* 5.

"*The* COMMANDERS *are hastening to the capital.*"

The Teutonic Order was composed of knights and officers, priests and brother-servants. The higher office-bearers had the title of Commanders. The principal dignitaries were: the Grand Master, Arch-Commander, Marshal, Grand Hospitaler, Treasurer, and Master of the Wardrobe. It was necessary for the knights and officers to be noblemen and of German origin: accordingly, every candidate, who presented himself for being received in the Order as a knight, was bound to affirm by oath that he was of German origin, and of a noble and respectable family. The candidates for the high offices were obliged to prove their noble extraction since seven generations, in the line both of males and females. The Grand Master was elected by the chapter; his office was for life; the other officers were appointed by the Grand Master for a year only.—*N. T.*

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P. 4, *l.* 8.

"*On whose breast to hang the* GRAND CROSS," *&c.*

The ensigns of the dignity of Grand Master were: a cross, which he wore suspended on his breast; a sword; and a ring. The cross was granted to the Order by Pope Celestine III., and was worn by every knight; but that of the Grand Master was of gold and of superior workmanship, to which Emperor Frederic II. added the imperial eagle, and King St. Lewis a flower-de-luce. The sword was the gift of Emperor Henry VI. to the Grand Master Walpol, when they met in the Holy Land. The ring was presented to Grand Master Herman de Saltza, by Pope Honorius III. When the Grand Master saw his last hour approaching, he, upon his death-bed, intrusted those ensigns to the care of the Arch-Commander, who, after the death of the Grand Master, governed the Order till the next election, when he deposited into the hands of the new elected Grand Master the seal of the Order, and the ensigns of his new dignity.—*N. T.*

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P. 12, *l.* 18.

"*'Tis the voïce of The* RECLUSE."

The chroniclers of those times mention an unknown woman who came to Marienburg, and insisted on her being blocked up in a separate cell, where she remained for many years, till her death.

P. 15, *l.* 2.

"*Let us trust to the voice of the Recluse,*" &c.

At times when the voices at the election of a Grand Master were divided, similar occurrences exercised an oracular influence over the council of the chapter. Thus, for instance, Winrich of Kniprode was elected Grand Master, because some of the knights imagined they heard, from the vault where the Grand Masters were buried, a voice utter three times, "*Vinrice, Ordo laborat.*" (Winrich, the Order is in danger.)

P. 16, *l.* 2.

"WILIA, *queen amongst her rushing daughters,*" &c.

Wilia, a river in Lithuania, takes its source

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not far from the town of Berezyna, receives many tributary streams, and joins the Niemen near Kovno.—*N. T.*

P. 18, *l.* 1.

"*From* WILNO'S *ramparts*," *&c.*

Wilno, the capital of Lithuania, formerly the residence of the reigning Dukes, is situated near the confluence of the rivers Wilia and Wileyka. The town, with its suburbs, covers a great extent of ground. There are thirty-two Catholic, one Lutheran, one Calvinistic, and three Russian churches, a mosque, and a synagogue; consequently, three holy days are observed every week. All the sects, however, live in peace with one another. The University of Wilno has always kept its rank among the principal establishments of that kind in Europe, and produced many men of great distinction in the literary and scientific world. When Poland fell under the Russian dominion, the Czars extended their cruel persecution against the students of the university, for the manifestation of their patriotism. Many of those un-

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fortunate young men were torn from their studies and thrown into prison, or sent into exile, to expiate their love to their country. Among the number of the banished was the author of Conrad Wallenrod.—*N. T.*

P. 18, *l.* 9.

"*He reproaches the* ORDER *with licentiousness and violation of vows.*"

The statute-laws of the Teutonic Order were rigorous. According to these laws, the Knights were bound to live in a community, and none could possess any property of their own; their food, dress, cells, beds, were to be of the most simple description; they could not leave their monasteries, nor even write or receive letters; they were interdicted from conversing with any woman, even though she were a relative. Poverty, sobriety, and abstinence from all worldly enjoyments, were their fundamental laws. A great number of prayers and fastings were prescribed. When the Knights, however, grew in power, they were far from observing the regulations of their Order. Luxury at table, and

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splendour in dress, arms, and harness, were introduced; and the monastic Knights, instead of devoting themselves to the service of God, as each of them swore to do, passed their lives either in slaughter and pillage in time of war, or in revelry and debauchery when they returned from the camp.—*N. T.*

P. 19, *l.* 2.

"WITOLD *driven by Iagello from his throne*," *&c.*

Witold was the son of Prince Keystut, the uncle of Iagello, then the reigning Duke of Lithuania. In consequence of a dispute between Keystut and his nephew Iagello, caused by the latter having given his sister, a Princess of the Ducal house, in marriage to his favourite and confidant, Voydillo, a man of obscure origin, Iagello, by the instigation of Voydillo, invaded the territory of his uncle. Keystut vigorously repulsed Iagello's army; and wishing, moreover, to punish his insolence, pursued him to the heart of his own dominions, and took Wilno, the capital of the Grand Duchy. Iagello fearing to lose his throne, besought mercy from his uncle,

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with whom, by the mediation of his cousin Witold, he soon became reconciled. That reconciliation, however, was not of long duration. Iagello, excited again by his brother-in-law, Voydillo, resumed hostilities; and, availing himself of the absence of Keystut, who, with his forces, had marched against a rebellious vassal, entered the uncle's dominions, and besieged his castle of Troki. Keystut, being informed of this new mark of ingratitude on the part of his nephew, advanced and attacked the invaders, but did not succeed in punishing his ungrateful kinsman, for he himself was taken prisoner, and, in spite of his rank and old age, thrown into a dungeon; where, not long after, he expired. Voydillo was suspected to have strangled him in prison. Keystut was one of the most valiant and generous Princes of Lithuania. There are still among the Lithuanian people songs in honour of this Prince. Witold succeeded his father, but, wishing to take revenge on Iagello, took up arms against him, was again vanquished, and obliged to fly. Witold then leagued himself with the Teutonic Knights, in order to conquer Lithuania, but afterwards, having been secretly reconciled with Iagello, he

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abandoned his new allies. The jealousies between Witold and Iagello apparently came to an end, when the latter, being elected King of Poland, intrusted his cousin with the government of Lithuania. The ambition of Witold, however, made him always aspire to an independent sovereignty; and, being besides urged on by the Emperor Sigismund, who was jealous of the growing power of Poland, Witold revolted again, and was even making preparations for his coronation, when he suddenly died, in 1430.—*N. T.*

P. 20, *l.* 8.

"*There burns a fire in* SWENTOROG's *dark walls.*"

The *Castle of Swentorog* was that in which the *Znitch*, or eternal fire, was kept. Upon the spot where that temple of *Znitch* stood, is now erected the splendid cathedral of *Wilno.*—*N. T.*

P. 20, *l.* 10.

"*On* MENDOG's *hill a fount for ever falls.*"

Mendog is the name of one of the earliest Princes of Lithuania. Near the town of *Nowo-*

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grodek, in Lithuania, there rises a lofty hill called *Mendog's mountain*, on the summit of which there are still some ruins, which are considered to be those of the tomb of that Prince. —*N. T.*

P. 30, *l.* 15.

"*Let us rejoice in the Lord.*"

Gaudeamus in Domino, (let us rejoice in the Lord,) was, in monastic Orders of that age, a signal for beginning a feast.

P. 36, *l.* 9.

"*There appears on cemeteries and haunted spots a woman, the spirit of the plague,*" &c.

Such is the popular belief in Lithuania respecting the approach of an epidemic malady; and there exist still among the people some ballads on the subject.

P. 36, *l.* 13.

"*Her head towering higher than the forest of* BIALOVIEZA."

The forest of Bialovieza is the largest, not

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only in Poland, but probably in Europe. It lies between *Brzesc-Litewski* and *Bialystok*, and contains a space of 750 square miles. Its name is derived from the village of Bialoviez, (which in Polish language means *white tower*,) situated in the middle of the forest, where formerly stood a castle with white towers. This forest is really one of the most remarkable places in Poland. There are, to the present day, some spots which have never been penetrated by man. Marshes so veiled that they do not freeze even in the most rigorous winters, and immense numbers of old trees overturned and heaped upon each other, render them inaccessible. Trees and plants exist there that are not known as yet by our naturalists, although new discoveries are being made every year. It is a delightful place for sportsmen, containing game in abundance. Animals of different species live there which are not to be found in any other country. Among others, there are herds of bisons, (a kind of wild ox, which has disappeared from the rest of Europe.) Beavers build their houses on the banks of the rivers; bears, wolves, lynxes, and wild boars, find there safe coverts; stags, deer, and foxes, frolic without fear. This forest was, in all the

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revolutions of Poland, the theatre of important events.—*N. T.*

P. 42, *l.* 2.

"*Prince* KEYSTUT *received them.*"

See the note to page 19, l. 2.

P. 43, *l.* 20.

"WALTER *was my name.*"

Walter von Stadion, a German Knight, taken prisoner by the Lithuanians, married the daughter of Keystut, Duke of Lithuania, and left that country secretly with his wife. It often happened that Prussians and Lithuanians, carried off in their childhood, and brought up in Germany, returned, after many years, to their native country, and were the deadliest enemies of the Germans. Such was the renowned *Herkus Monte*, spoken of in the records of the Order.

P. 44, *l.* 27.

"——— *To the port of* KLAYPEDA."

Klaypeda, (Memel,) a commercial town with a fortress and port. It is situated upon the

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Baltic sea, in that part of Lithuania which is now in possession of the King of Prussia.—*N. T.*

P. 45, *l.* 17.

"*He would take me to the shores of* POLONGA."

Polonga, (Polangen,) is a town with a port on the Baltic, situated in that part of Lithuania which is now subjected to the dominion of the Czar of Russia.—*N. T.*

P. 52, *l.* 3.

"*The Lithuanian people retired to* KEYDANY."

Keydany, a town in Samogitia, is situated on the river Niewiaza. There are now about 4000 inhabitants, a great part of them Protestants. Small place as it is, there are in it two Catholic churches; one Calvinistic; one Lutheran; one Greek, and two Jewish synagogues; strikingly exhibiting that great spirit of religious toleration which has always prevailed in Poland. This town was assigned by a Prince Radziwill as a colony to the Scotsmen, who took refuge

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there during the religious persecutions in the reign of James I., King of England. The Princes Radziwill, the more to prove their hospitality to the Scotch refugees, and soothe their feelings, built for them a beautiful Calvinistic church, as a place of worship befitting their profession. Moreover, the same family of Radziwills founded and endowed there a college, where all the teachers must be Calvinists,—and they left a bursary for the education of twelve boys of the same persuasion, the most promising of whom were sent to complete their studies in the University of Wilno, and afterwards, for a few years, to travel in foreign countries. After their return they were installed as Professors in the school. This valuable institution continued and highly prospered till the year 1825, when, by the *gracious* command of the Emperor of Russia, it was suppressed, because a few students had written some satires against the Russian Government.—*N. T.*

P. 76, *l.* 16.

"———— *Met a secret tribunal.*"

In the middle ages, when powerful dukes and

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barons often committed the greatest crimes with impunity, the authority of the ordinary tribunals not being able to check these excesses, there was formed a secret society, whose members, not knowing each other, bound themselves by a solemn oath to punish the guilty, were these even their own friends and nearest relations. When the secret judges had passed the sentence of death, the condemned was apprized of it by a cry "Woe!" uttered under his windows, or in any place where he was present. That word thrice repeated was a warning to the condemned to prepare for death, which he was sure to receive suddenly, and from an unknown hand. This secret court of criminal justice was also called the *Vehmgericht*, and had its main seat in Westphalia. It is difficult to ascertain its beginning; some writers maintain that it was established by Charles the Great. At first those tribunals were perhaps necessary; but afterwards they originated many abuses, so that the governments were often obliged to proceed severely against the judges themselves, until the institution was entirely abolished.

FINIS

THE END.

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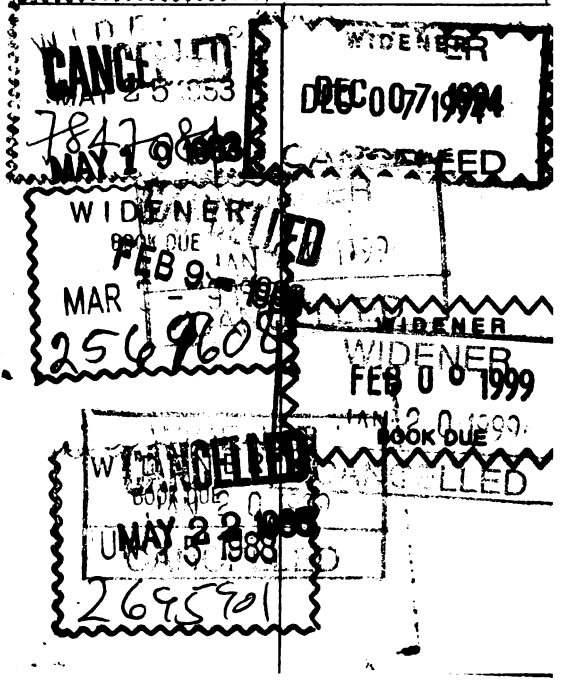

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